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THE DISASTROUS FIRE AT ETON COLLEGE, JUNE 1: THE BEGINNING OF THE OUTBREAK.

DRAWN BY H. C. SEPPINGS WRIGHT FROM MATERIAL SUPPLIED BY AN EYE-WITNESS.

The window of the room in which the unfortunate Eton boy, James Kenneth Horne, lost his life is a small casement immediately above the two farthest bay-windows. He was last seen alive on the nearest side of the central mullion.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

That awful controversy about Carlyle, Froude, and Mrs. Carlyle is upon us again. The business of vexing distinguished ghosts is not pretty. Nor is it embellished when a gentleman whose profession it is to examine disordered minds tells us that Mrs. Carlyle's jealousy of her husband was neurotic. He does not even strike a balance by pointing out that, when Carlyle heaped exaggerated invective on his contemporaries, he was dyspeptic. If Mrs. Carlyle suffered from hysteria, her husband suffered from hypochondria. Why not make the medical certificate complete? Sir James Crichton-Browne does not hazard a professional diagnosis of Froude. It is merely suggested that Iago was a fool to him. But Mr. W. S. Lilly kindly informs us that Froude was "congenitally incapable of telling the truth." He was afflicted with the mendacity which the Council of Trent declared to be an "incurable disease." Nobody will venture to argue with the Council of Trent, or any other company of ancient theologians. If they did not know all that is to be known about lying as a derangement of the mind, then there is no authority on the subject.

And yet the poor modern spirit has a misgiving sometimes that truth presents itself in a variety of guises even to the very elect. Not to Mr. Lilly, of course. An American correspondent wrote me a letter the other day, in which he put this question: "Is the eye fitted to the infinite Cosmos, or is the infinite Cosmos fitted to the eye?" Mr. Lilly, I gather from his own account, has an eye which the Cosmos, with all its infinitude, cannot escape. That very small part of it which men call James Anthony Froude he has tracked through all its vagaries. Another atom, denominated Gladstone, is also within his grasp. Like Froude, he says, Gladstone was "congenitally incapable of telling the truth." In support of this judgment Mr. Lilly cites another piercing psychologist, the late Earl Grey, who, when Gladstone's name was mentioned, used to strike the floor with his stick and exclaim, "Gladstone, Gladstone; don't quote Gladstone to me!" This is impressive: it gives one a picture of the Cosmos, as interpreted by Earl Grey, Mr. Lilly, and the Council of Trent, dismissing Gladstone to the limbo of the congenitally incapable. But miserable sceptics abound, and some of them find it impossible to follow this process of the suns, which somehow seems to narrow the thoughts of men instead of widening them. An eminent man of letters in this town said to me lately that when he had occasion to put on paper even the simplest idea, he saw it at once from twenty different points of view. It did not occur to him that nineteen of them were lies.

A more truthful man than Carlyle never breathed; and yet he said that a great ecclesiastic, who had the good fortune to agree with Mr. Lilly about the universe, possessed the intellect of "a moderate-sized rabbit." That would be disturbing if we were gravely to inquire how the Cosmos strikes a rabbit. No one I have ever heard of agreed with Carlyle's estimate; but then he disposed of adverse opinion by describing his countrymen as "mostly fools." Very mildly for him, he said that Jowett was a "good-humoured owlet." Jowett would not have minded that; but when he came out as one of the authors of "Essays and Reviews," he was stigmatised by Carlyle as a sentinel who ought to be shot for deserting his post. He retorted that Carlyle was regardless of truth; and so his ghost is consumedly vexed through several pages of Sir James Crichton-Browne's best rhetoric. Perhaps he had a cerebral disorder: every man who ventured to criticise, contradict, or vituperate the explosive philosopher was either criminal or diseased. It is a convenient theory; but why not apply it all round? Marry now, medically, as Hamlet might have said (my eagle-eyed readers who are still on the look-out for misquotations will observe that saving clause), what do you say to the mental state of Froude's assailants who did not know that Carlyle once assaulted his wife, and that it was because her diary reminded him of this that he suffered such remorse after her death?

Truth, you see, is a whimsical spirit; she does not perch all the time on one banner. Just as you think the other piece of bunting has gone down hopelessly in the dust, she plucks it up again, and sets it flowing in the breeze. Froude's family do not propose to submit quietly to the new onslaught. They have a document which, as Mr. Ronald MacNeill shows in the *Contemporary Review*, vindicates the biographer of Carlyle on very material points. But what a sorry history! Two fine spirits who ought never to have mated; the friend who strove to do justice to both rewarded with indiscriminate odium; a hue-and-cry of violent partisanship for wife against husband, husband against wife; and Mr. Lilly furnishing an Inferno with public men who do not tell the truth as he sees it! Oh for a little of the grace and humour which human nature has not lost! A lady known to Mrs. E. T. Cook had been deep in Mrs. Carlyle's "Letters," and thought she ought to read one of Carlyle's books. She tried "Sartor

Resartus." "After a short wrestle, she returned that revered classic to its since undisturbed repose, wondering 'why such a clever woman should have been thrown away on such a husband.'" Mrs. Cook tells that delightful anecdote in the *National Review*. I have read it with profound gratitude. It restores to me the perspective of the Cosmos.

Something new is said to be agitating Mars. An astronomer, who keeps a bloodshot eye on that planet, reports a mysterious blackness which he had not observed before. Is this a signal? Or is Mars afflicted with thunderstorms worse than that which late o'er pale Britannia passed? I met pale Britannia at lunch on Sunday last: a lady who listened unmoved to my story of the cat which had kept me awake till two o'clock that morning. I described with diverting embellishments how my neighbours threw up their windows and addressed the cat with alternate endearments and imprecations. So far as I knew, these were unavailing; and whether the cat or I yielded at last to the slumber of exhaustion I could not say. It was a passable anecdote for a luncheon-party, but it fell flat. Everybody looked fixedly at me; and pale Britannia at last said: "Cats, indeed! Do you mean to say you did not hear that dreadful thunderstorm?" Then every tongue but mine was let loose, and in the babel of exciting experiences I learned by fits and starts that Britannia always had a presentiment of being struck by lightning; that she got out of bed to shut the windows, having first wrapped up her head in a copy of a morning paper famous as a non-conductor; that when she had closed the windows, she tottered to a cupboard and shut herself in; and that little thunderbolts ran about the room looking for her. Pretty situation for a *raconteur* who had slept through the storm, and expected to have a great success with his cat! Not twice nor thrice the brinded cat had mewed, but to no purpose for my social distinction! Now it will get about that I am congenitally incapable of hearing the Cosmos when it thunders.

But to return to Mars. May that blackness mean that the Martians are disturbed by ethergrams from the earth? You see, Mars may be a very tranquil planet, with all its social problems settled long ago; and therefore the constant transmission of news from our distracted globe may have prompted a desire in the philanthropic bosoms of the Martian people to let us know how everything ought to be managed. Free libraries over there are probably conducted on a plan Mr. Carnegie wots not of. Mr. Churton Collins has been giving him a hint or two. Mr. Collins says it is futile to go on endowing fresh libraries until the existing institutions are made useful. They should not be monopolised by triflers. A course of five lectures would put seriously inquiring minds on the right track. With much justice Mr. Collins suggests that the free libraries ought to be embraced in a scheme of secondary education, instead of being handed over to the careless throng that prefer to use them for casual browsing on trumpery books. Perhaps Mr. Carnegie thinks he can better this instruction by waiting for an inspiration from Mars.

Or are the Martian astronomers surveying our proceedings through far more powerful telescopes than our own, alarmed by what they take to be comets skimming over the surface of this island? If we had a proper signalling apparatus we could reassure them with the information that it is not meteors they descry, but motors—the motor-car with its dazzling lamps of incredible candle-power, and its millionaire owner—

Puffing a corpulent
Weed, an Intimidad,

as a delightful parody of Mr. Henley has it in *Cornhill*. We might also tell the Martians that a member of Parliament has proposed that the watchful constable shall lasso the millionaire. So when the astronomers in Mars observe that a meteor is suddenly arrested, they will know that the motorist is violently upset, and that his Intimidad is rudely put out.

Another pleasing suggestion for the chastening of this headstrong traveller is that pedestrians or other citizens who have reason to feel themselves aggrieved shall fire at him with shot-guns. The author of this scheme is good enough to specify suitably small shot, so that no mortal injury shall be inflicted. Rural sportsmen will have a new pastime. They will pepper the common enemy, and send him to a surgeon at the end of his drive to have the pellets extracted. But suppose he should case himself in a suit of mail, presenting no vulnerable target except the Intimidad? It should add to the delights of "motoring" at a reckless speed to hear the small shot rattling on your helmet. Even the Intimidad might be enclosed in a cylinder that defies perforation. I mention these things to show that the resources of science are still on the side of the millionaire. But it may be hoped that he will be persuaded not to scour the plain with such vehemence as provokes peaceful natives to thirst for his blood. We do not want to see the repose of Surrey broken by an agitation for a lynch law worthy of South Carolina.

DETERMINING A SCULPTOR.

(See Supplement.)

Two years ago I published an article in the *Monthly Review* on the remarkable discovery of ancient sculpture made by sponge-divers off the southern point of Greece, the island of Cerigo. The wonder of the sea thus giving up its treasures was increased when it became evident that these works formed part of a cargo of Greek art treasures carried off by Sulla, one of whose ships, we are told by Lucian, foundered at this very spot off Cerigo.

In the article I endeavoured to show that the beautiful bronze statue thus restored to light was that of the god Hermes (not an athlete throwing a ball), and that in its style it illustrated the art of Praxiteles. Other archæologists maintained that it was of Lysippean workmanship.

Since then this statue, of which nearly every piece was found, has been carefully freed from most of the incrustations and disfiguring corrosions caused by the centuries of immersion in the sand of the sea; and the whole statue has been carefully pieced together and built up by the able French sculptor, M. André. The eminent archæologist M. Cavvadias, the Director-General of Antiquities in Greece, has published several views of the statue, which he at once forwarded to me, so that, through his kindness, I am able to give them here (Nos. 8, 10, 11, 12, 14, 19). No. 18 in our Illustration shows the missing portions about the middle of the figure, which M. André has restored.

We are now able by the help of these photographs to see the statue from every side; and though, without seeing the bronze statue itself, I should not venture to decide whether it is the original by the hand of a great master or not, we have enough to determine, as far as this will be possible, what the statue represented and to what school of ancient Greek art we owe the work.

In my article two years ago my conclusions were founded upon one photograph of the profile view of the upper part of the statue, and I must admit that these were not all justified. When, for instance, the statue is seen from the front, the upraised hand presents a different appearance from that offered in the profile view. The two middle fingers, raised and bent forward, convey, more than I had previously realised, the act of holding some round object. I still feel that the sideways thrust of the arm excludes the idea that the figure is throwing or has just thrown a ball. Moreover, it appears to me incomprehensible why a round object should not have been cast with the hand, which would make the whole casting easier, instead of finishing the inside of the hand and then inserting a round object. But it may be that the statue held some round object of different material, such as an apple (if it represented Paris), or the hair by which the head of Medusa was held aloft (Perseus), or the end of a purse (Hermes). I still think it most probable that the hand held nothing, and is raised and thrust forward in a gesture commanding attention before the god Hermes begins to speak. Greek vases and other monuments give innumerable instances of the elaborate system of gestures in ancient Greece.

But where, by the help of the photographs of the fully restored statue, I should like to correct the opinion expressed in my previous article, is in the attribution of the statue to an ancient artist or school. It is now clear that the style of the work is not that of Praxiteles, but of his older contemporary and rival, Scopas. That the two styles have similarities, and may be mistaken for one another, need not astonish us when we realise that the two artists were contemporaries who came under similar historical and artistic influences. Moreover, Pliny tells us that the connoisseurs of old doubted whether the group of Niobe and her children, as well as a statue of Janus Pater, were the work of Scopas or Praxiteles.

When, with the complete statue now before us, we compare the bronze of Cerigo with the Hermes of Olympia by Praxiteles (Nos. 5, 9), we find that the trunk of the body is comparatively much shorter in the bronze than in the Hermes; that the profile-line of the face and its proportions differ markedly between the two. The head of Praxiteles is longer and more pear-shaped, the forehead and chin slightly receding; while the head of the Cerigo bronze is smaller and rounder, forehead and chin being comparatively on the same perpendicular line. The treatment of the eye, especially eyebrow and eyelid, is strikingly different.

The style of Lysippus—who made his statues slimmer, with smaller heads—has some analogies, especially in the comparatively shorter dimensions of the trunk of the body, as is manifest in the famous Apoxyomenus in the Vatican, an ancient copy of an original by that artist (No. 3). But it will readily be seen that the legs of the Apoxyomenus are longer, the whole proportions different, and that the smaller round head shows in the modelling of forehead, eyes, and hair that it is a later and further development of an earlier treatment which we find in the Cerigo head.

To my knowledge the first instance of this peculiar treatment of brow, eye, and hair occurs a generation earlier than Lysippus (who was "court sculptor" to Alexander the Great)—namely, the age of Philip of Macedon and his immediate predecessors, as will be seen from the coins of Perdiccas III. and Philip (No. 20), when Scopas was the leading artist.

To put it shortly in the limited space at my command: the "serenity" of character of the great art of the fifth century B.C. (of a Phidias and Polycleitus) makes way in the fourth century to the charm of "expression and pathos" in the statues of Scopas and Praxiteles, which the former introduced. As regards the head, the smooth,

"unruffled" brow is made the vehicle for the presentation of sentiment and passion. This the sculptor does chiefly by the treatment of the whole region of the eye. The brow and forehead, no longer smooth, presents a wavy line of marked rise and fall, especially above the eye. The eye itself is deeply sunk. While in Praxiteles a dreamy expression is conveyed by a more downward look and a droop in the upper lid, in Scopas a more active and passionate expression is given in that the orb of the eye is raised upwards, the lid energetically raised; and more passion is expressed the more the curving brow descends over the lid, especially at the angles of the eye. This was brought home to us when two heads were discovered at Tegea, coming from the pediment of a temple which, Pausanias tells us, was carved by Scopas (Nos. 1, 2). In an excellent article published a few years ago, Dr. Botho Graef enlarged upon these Scopasian characteristics in a series of heads of Hercules, of which Nos. 15 and 16 are specimens.

I have here given a few more such specimens from a large number of Scopasian heads which I have collected. These are bronze and marble heads (Nos. 7, 17, 21, 22, 23, 27, 28), a relief from the Mausoleum of Halicarnassus in the British Museum (No. 24)—at which Scopas was the chief sculptor—which, together with other works from that place, I have maintained for many years, clearly show the Scopasian treatment of eye and head; also in two sepulchral slabs from Athens (Nos. 25, 26), the work of that period.

Moreover, the peculiar treatment of the hair, especially where it rises out of the forehead, is most characteristic, and differs in this respect both from the technique of Praxiteles and of Lysippus. Finally we see these features all combined in a beautiful Greek *intaglio* gem by Cneius in the British Museum (No. 6).

Among all statues, the beautiful Hercules in Lansdowne House (Nos. 4, 13) is most representative of Scopasian art, and is nearest to our Cerigo bronze. Our illustrations will prove that the Hercules on the gem and the Lansdowne statue belong to the same school, and that they represent the same subject.

Now, all these characteristics of style are to be found in the head of the bronze of Cerigo, a comparison of which with the Scopasian works here given, the facilities offered by the Editor of this paper have enabled me to place before the reader on one large plate. Moreover, if we remember that our bronze represents probably a Hermes and the Lansdowne statue a Hercules, requiring more massive muscular development, the type of body is the same. A curious depression in the shoulder, forming a marked feature in the bronze from Cerigo—a treatment I have not been able to find in any other works—recurs in a slight manner in the right shoulder of the Lansdowne Hercules, though the arm is at rest.

I venture to believe that enough has been suggested here to show that the interesting work recovered from the depths of the sea is a work of Scopasian art.

P.S.—A head of Meleager, from Castle Howard, now exhibited in the interesting collection shown by the Burlington Fine Arts Club, is a fine illustration of the Scopasian type.

CHARLES WALDSTEIN.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"TRILBY," REVIVED AT HIS MAJESTY'S.

Just a nine days' wonder—of ineptitude—"The Gordian Knot" has disappeared, unregretted, from His Majesty's Theatre; and in place of Mr. Lowther's dull drama Mr. Tree has revived the once-popular "Trilby." To this fantastic fairy-tale of the Quartier Latin there still attaches a certain bouquet of sentiment, but it is undeniable that in less than a decade the humours of "Little Billee's" brother-artists have grown stale; the tawdry theatricality of the Svengali incidents has become more evident, and even Mr. Du Maurier's heroine has lost a little of her bloom. Still, though to see "Trilby" now is to experience some of the disillusion of middle age, the play's interpretation affords abundance of pleasure. Mr. Tree's impersonation of the mesmerising Svengali retains all its old lurid picturesqueness and its eerie imaginative force. The drolleries of Mr. Lionel Brough's Laird and Mr. Maurice's Taffy are sure once more to please unsophisticated tastes. And Miss Dorothea Baird's fresh and child-like beauty again lends appealing individuality to the idealised stage-portrait of Trilby.

THE TIVOLI AND THE HIPPODROME.

The holiday programmes offered this Whitsuntide at the Tivoli and the Hippodrome show no lack of novelty or variety. At the Strand house, where Mr. George Robey is appearing with some amusing new songs and a Signorina Margherita furnishes a piquant entertainment, thanks to electric marvels and a grand floral display, perhaps the chief feature of an excellent bill is Mr. Bransby Williams's reciting of Robert Buchanan's well-known tragic poem, "Fra Giacomo." The dead poet's story has been converted into something like a play, Mr. Charles Raymond representing the priest, and is all the more effective for its stage setting. It is, however, the London Hippodrome—that home of sensational "turns"—which, with many other clever feats of bodily strength and skill, presents the most startling spectacle of the week. This, described as "hooping the hoop," is very much the same thing as "looping the loop," save that the vehicle employed is not a bicycle, but a motor-car. A lady it is who performs this hazardous exploit, and the "hoop" is a perfect and solidly built circle of steel approached by a steep incline. Down this incline comes Miss Alix in her automobile, and is enabled to reach and leave the circular track by the action of a lever. The time required for fixing up the necessary apparatus (said to weigh over twenty tons) is considerably over a quarter of an hour; the time occupied by the whole journey is just two and a half seconds. The excitement, therefore, provided by Miss Alix is one of brief duration, but even the most apathetic spectator must confess that her exhibition of pluck is sufficiently thrilling.

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SELECTION, Thursday, June 25, at 2 o'clock.

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Madame Albani, Miss Marguerite Macintyre, Madame Clara Samuel, and Madame Ella Russell. Madame Clara Butt, Mr. Ben Davies, Mr. John Coates and Mr. Charles Saunders. Mr. Santley, Mr. Kennerley Rumford, and Mr. Andrew Black. Mr. Walkin Mills. Solo Organist, Sir Walter Parratt. Organist to the Festival, Mr. Walter W. Hedgcock. Musical Director, Dr. August Manns. Conductor, Dr. Frederic Cowen. Chorus and Orchestra, 4000.

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THE DISASTROUS FIRE AT ETON COLLEGE, JUNE 1.

PORTRAITS BY HILLS AND SAUNDERS AND RUSSELL.

ON the very eve of its great annual festivity, Eton College has been plunged into mourning by a deplorable calamity, and this year there will be no Fourth of June celebration. In the early hours of June 1 fire broke out in the old-fashioned house known as Baldwin's End, where Mr. R. S. Kindersley, one of the Eton masters, resided, in charge of thirty-five boys. As soon as the fire had been discovered, the alarm was given by



JAMES KENNETH HORNE,
ONE OF THE TWO VICTIMS.

one of the boys, who jumped out of a second-storey window and ran to the fire-station. Within five minutes the Eton brigade got to work, and were shortly reinforced by firemen from Windsor and Slough; but nothing could save the house. The building, which was very old, burnt like tinder, and the master, his own family, and the boys made their escape only just in time. It was then discovered that two of the boys were missing. One named James Kenneth Horne occupied a small room above the central verandah. The window



MR. KINDERSLEY'S HOUSE, BALDWIN'S END, THE SCENE OF THE FIRE IN WHICH TWO ETON BOYS LOST THEIR LIVES.

At the half-open second-floor casement above the furthest bay window Horne was last seen alive.

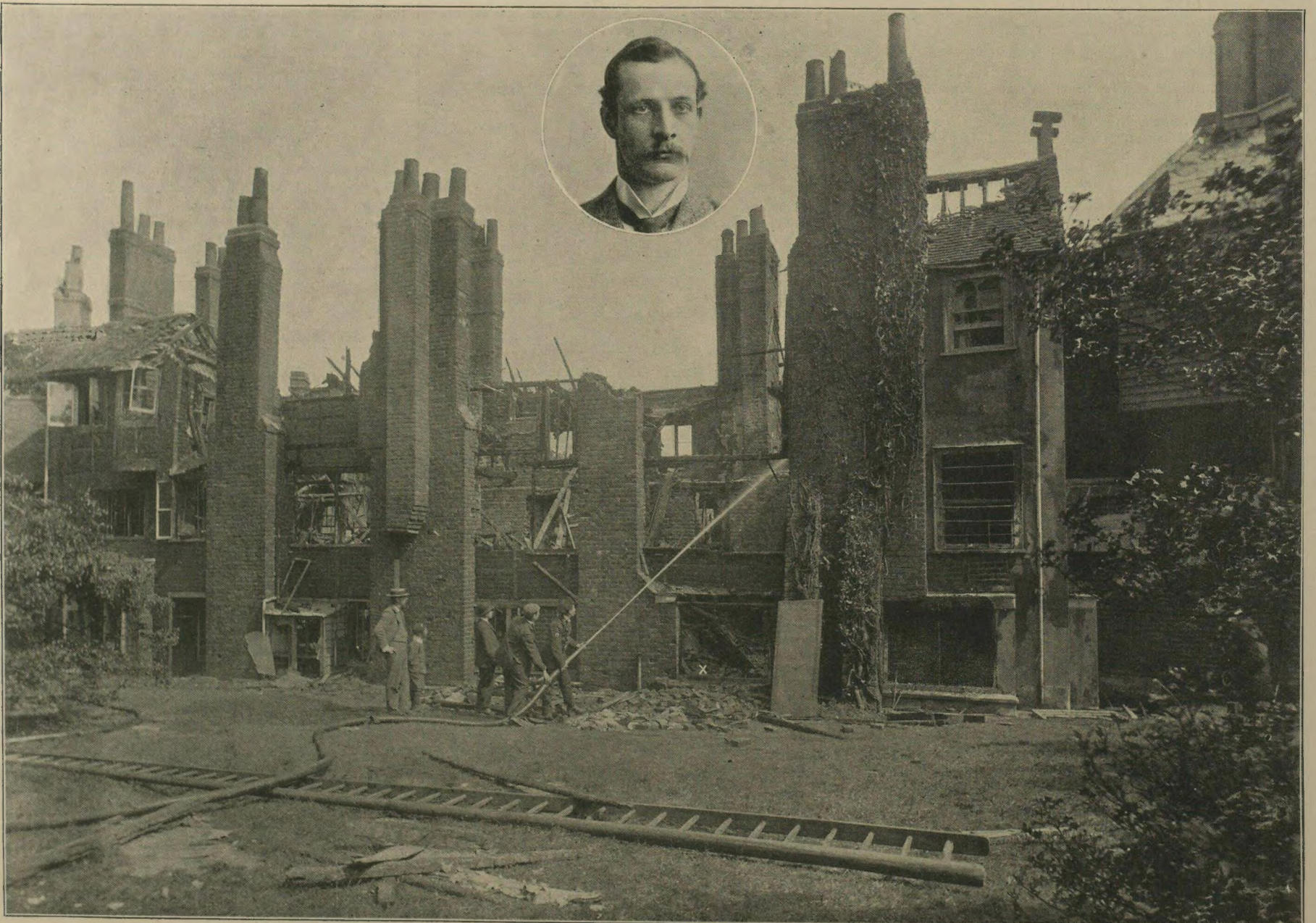
was most unfortunately secured by iron bars, through which the poor boy struggled in vain to force his way. Mr. Kindersley and the Earl of Caledon put a ladder to the window and made most gallant efforts to wrench away the bars, themselves receiving injuries in the attempt. Another boy, Lionel George Lawson, is supposed to have been suffocated in bed. Horne and Lawson were both fourteen years of age. The former was the son of Major



LIONEL GEORGE LAWSON,
ONE OF THE TWO VICTIMS.

Horne, of the Highland Light Infantry; the latter was the only son of Mrs. Frank Lawson, of Hyde Park Gate, and a second cousin of Sir Edward Lawson, of Hall Barn, Beaconsfield. The King and Queen sent messages of sympathy and inquiry to the Head Master; and the Prince and Princess of Wales, who had intended to be present at the Fourth of June celebrations, lost no time in expressing their concern and regret. Their Majesties have also sent sympathetic communications to the bereaved relatives.

MR. KINDERSLEY.



THE BACK OF THE PREMISES, SHOWING THE SPOT (x) WHERE LAWSON'S BODY WAS FOUND.

Photo. Macdonald, Eton.

THE AMERICA CUP: THE DEPARTURE OF THE CHALLENGER ON HER ATLANTIC VOYAGE.

DRAWN BY NORMAN WILKINSON, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST ON THE CLYDE.



S.Y. "Erin."

"Shamrock III."

Tug "Cruiser." "Shamrock I."

"SHAMROCK III.," ACCOMPANIED BY "SHAMROCK I.," LEAVING THE CLYDE ON MAY 28.

The new America Cup challenger—the third leaf of the Liptonian shamrock—left Gourock Bay for Sandy Hook on May 28, accompanied by quite a flotilla of attendant craft, "Shamrock I.," the "Erin," and the tug "Cruiser." Both the yachts were without their racing spars and gear, but their appearance was nevertheless the cause of much favourable comment. The departure was made the occasion for a most enthusiastic demonstration by the crowd on shore, and by the many who, in pleasure-boats or on excursion-steamers, followed the racers. Before leaving, Sir Thomas Lipton signalled that everything possible would be done to ensure his yacht's victory, and, parodying the famous "Condor" message, said, "It is the determination of all to merit the signal, 'Well done, Shamrock.'"

THE WORLD'S NEWS

PARLIAMENT.

Before the House of Commons adjourned for the Whitsuntide holidays, an important debate on the new fiscal policy of the Government was initiated by Sir Charles Dilke, who anticipated a motion by Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman on the same subject. In consequence of this independent action, the Front Opposition Bench took no part in the discussion. Mr. Balfour maintained that the Free Trade formulas repeated by Sir Charles Dilke were obsolete. Foreign tariffs threatened so to hamper our export trade that in time we should find it difficult to sell our manufactured goods abroad except on most onerous terms. It was necessary, therefore, to revise our commercial system so as to have weapons for resisting the commercial policy of other countries, and especially their treatment of the Colonies, as in the case of Canada. The Prime Minister identified himself with the Colonial Secretary's views, though he was not yet prepared to say that they were practicable. Mr. Chamberlain admitted that his policy would entail taxation on food imports, but he believed that preferential trading would consolidate the Empire and benefit the working-classes of this country. The Government would ask for a mandate from the constituencies before they produced a definite scheme. Mr. Lloyd George condemned the proposal, which was also criticised unfavourably by Lord Hugh Cecil and Mr. Winston Churchill.

PREFERENTIAL TRADING.

Few politicians venture to hazard predictions as to the effect upon our party system of the new commercial policy announced by Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Balfour. Lord Rosebery has suggested that it may cause a "diagonal" line of cleavage. Vigorous efforts are being made to

OUR PORTRAITS.

newspaper proprietor, and politician. As journalist, he was closely connected with the *Weekly Times* for twenty years; as proprietor, he produced the same paper for ten years, and was interested in the *Sporting Life* and the "A.B.C. Railway Guide"; as politician, he was an active worker on the London County Council from its creation, was three years its Chairman, and represented



Photo. Russell.
THE LATE SIR JOHN HUTTON,
JOURNALIST, NEWSPAPER PROPRIETOR,
AND POLITICIAN.



Photo. Russell.
REAR-ADMIRAL
G. L. ATKINSON-WILLES,
NEW COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF, EAST
INDIES STATION.

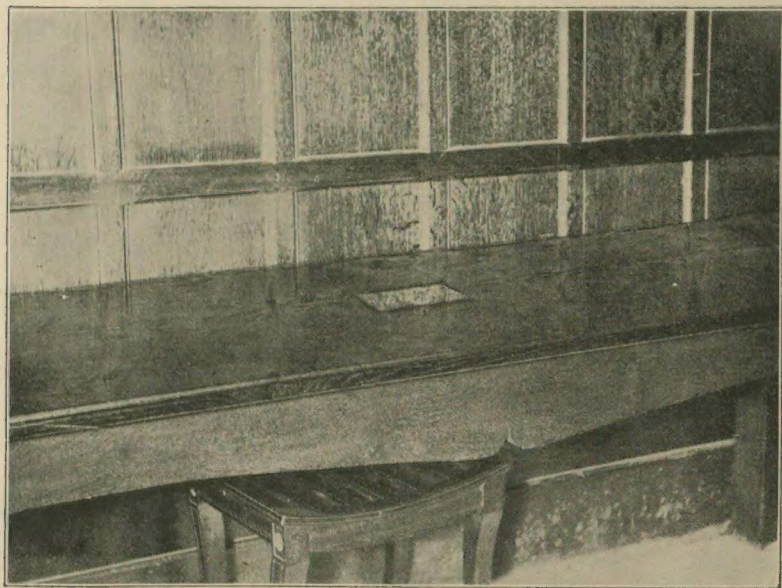
South St. Pancras in the House of Commons. Sir John was knighted in 1894.

Admiral Sir John Fisher's appointment to the Chief Command at Portsmouth has occasioned two other important moves. Rear-Admiral Sir Charles Carter Drury becomes Second Naval Lord of the Admiralty, and Rear-Admiral George Lambert Atkinson-Willes succeeds him as Commander-in-Chief on the East Indies Station. Rear-Admiral Atkinson-Willes, who, by the way, took the additional

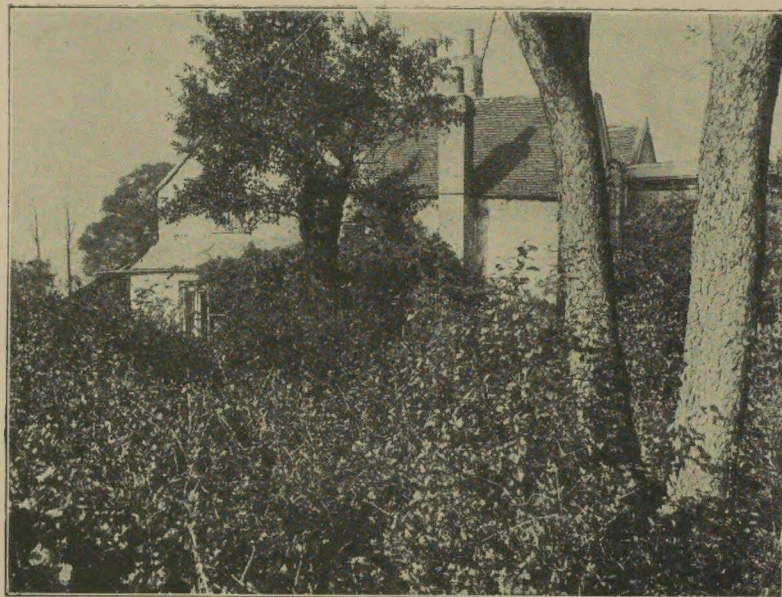
THE ALGERIAN INCIDENT.

It would seem as if trouble were in store for the French in Algeria, if the unfortunate incident of May 31 has any political significance. M. Jonnart, the Governor-General, left Djennan Eddar at seven o'clock on the morning in question to visit the fortress of Beni-ounif. He set out amid every demonstration of loyalty, but on approaching the Zenaga Pass he was encountered by the Amel of Figuig and a dozen horsemen, with whom he parleyed. The party then approached the town of Figuig, which was found to be pierced with loopholes and strongly manned. After a short survey, M. Jonnart set out on his return journey, but he had not gone three hundred yards when fire was opened upon him and his escort. French sharpshooters immediately replied to the fusillade, which resulted in the wounding of thirteen of the party. It is believed that the Moorish loss was heavy. It is not at all improbable that the Moors have imagined that the recent tour of President Loubet through Algeria was only the prelude to formal annexation. A sequel to the foolish performance is that the Moors have made overtures to the Bu Hamara, the worthy "man with the she ass," whose reputed miracles have gained him such ascendancy in Morocco, to the sad annoyance of the Sultan's Government. They remember doubtless his ancient prowess against the French, whom he harassed severely some twenty years ago, and may in effect have couched their message in the terms of the Macedonian of old: "Come over and help us."

SORROWS OF RUSSIA. The Russian Government has thought it necessary to expel the *Times* correspondent at St. Petersburg on the ground that his journal is hostile to Russia. This is a futile expedient. Hostility, "as understood by the Imperial Government," simply means the publication of unpleasant facts. Nobody is allowed



THE TABLE ON WHICH THE LOIN WAS KNIGHTED.



THE ANCIENT GARDEN AND FRUIT-TREES AT PIMP HALL.

THE SCENE OF THE KNIGHTING OF THE SIRLOIN BY JAMES I.: PIMP HALL, ESSEX.

The scene of James the First's historical jest lies between Higham's Park and Chingford stations. It is a curious house with quaint low-pitched ceilings and a fine garden with fruit-trees of great size. It was on his return from one of his hunting expeditions in Epping Forest that the British Solomon gave practical proof of his favour for the roast beef of Old England.

treat Imperialism itself as the dividing line, and to class its advocates as Protectionists and its opponents as Free Traders. The Liberal Imperialists repudiate this division. Many of Mr. Balfour's supporters deny that they are Protectionists like Mr. Chaplin and Mr. James Lowther. Preferential trade is declared to be an adaptation of Free Trade, not a negation. A speech which Lord Salisbury made some years ago is quoted in support of the proposition that it is consistent with Free Trade to levy import duties, not for protection, but to force foreign countries to lower their tariffs. This effect, it is said, has already been produced upon Germany to the extent, at any rate, of dissuading the German Government from carrying any further their penalising policy against Canada. Mr. Seddon has declared that New Zealand will support Mr. Chamberlain. Australian opinion remains doubtful; but at the Conference of Colonial Premiers with Mr. Chamberlain, the new policy was unanimously recommended.

MR. SEDDON AS TRADER.

The energetic and ubiquitous Mr. "Dick" Seddon is aspiring to the position of meat-salesman-in-ordinary to the United Kingdom, and has definitely announced, as a first venture, the establishment of shops in Cardiff, Manchester, Liverpool, and Glasgow. Briefly, the New Zealand Government proposes to buy meat in the colony, to brand and freeze it, and to ship it direct to a Commissioner in this country, from whom it will pass to managers, who will sell it at cost price. The scheme gains interest in the light of Mr. Chamberlain's fiscal proposals.

surname of Willes in compliance with the will of his uncle, Admiral Sir George Willes, is fifty-six next month, and entered the Navy in 1861. He served with the Naval Brigade during the Abyssinian War, and has acted as Commander of the Training Squadron and of the Dockyard Reserve. He was A.D.C. to Queen Victoria from 1899 to 1901.

to publish unpleasant facts in Russia, and the Imperial Government resents the intrusion of foreign journals into its affairs. As the world is constituted, the kind of privacy desired by the Czar's Ministers is impossible. News will come from Russia, though Mr. Braham is no longer there. Official documents find their way into the European Press. The protest, for instance, of a representative body of the Russian gentry against the whole method of administration was published in Germany, and may now be found in the *Fortnightly Review*. There is always somebody in Russia to tell the world everything the world desires to know. It is melancholy, of course, that the Imperial Government is not allowed to mind its own business without all this prying. It cannot put a little pressure on China in a quiet way without a circumstantial account of the whole proceedings being published to the universe by the *Times* correspondent at Peking. If the Chinese Government could only be induced to expel him! Even that would be useless. The terrible newspapers would still ferret out the truth.

THE FIRST ANNIVERSARY.

A year has passed since peace was made at Vereeniging. The good omens have not been falsified. The administrative capacity which British officials always show in colonial dependencies is justified once more. It is almost bewildering now to look back to the time when it was confidently asserted that the Boers would never submit to be ruled by Lord Milner. They have not submitted, it

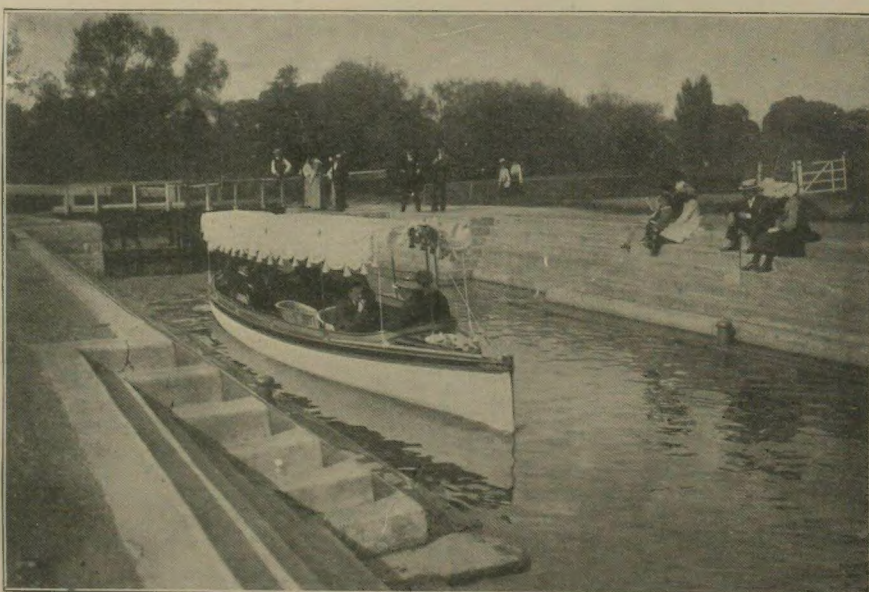


Photo. Calcott.
THE KING'S NEW PETROL MOTOR-LAUNCH: THE BOAT IN ROMNEY LOCK DURING THE TRIAL CRUISE.

His Majesty, accompanied by Prince Louis of Battenberg, sailed from Windsor to Oakley Court and back on June 1. The river was crowded with holiday-makers, who greeted the King enthusiastically.



A RELIC OF THE CAMPANILE AT VENICE.

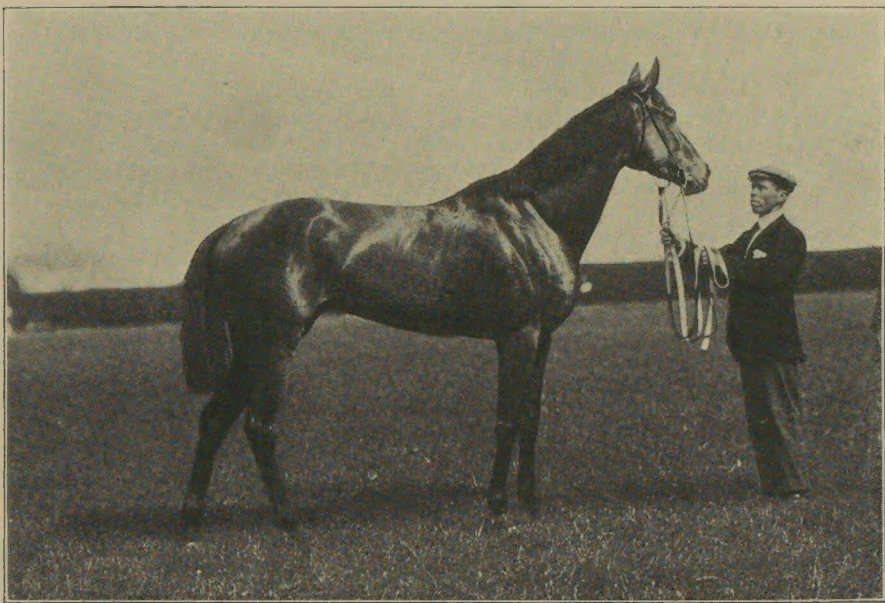
The fragments of this cup were found by Signor Boni, and were entrusted to the Venice and Murano Glass Company, which has prepared a reproduction. It was probably made at Murano in the fifteenth century.



Photo. Marshall Wane and Co.

SIR WALTER SCOTT'S OLD REGIMENT: THE ROYAL EDINBURGH LIGHT DRAGOONS (IN UNIFORMS DATING FROM 1797 TO 1903) AT THE EDINBURGH MILITARY TOURNAMENT.

The third trooper from the left and the guidon-bearer wear the uniform of the regiment raised by Walter Scott in 1707. While lying ill at Musselburgh after an injury received at drill, Scott wrote part of "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," the full conception of which flashed on him on hearing a bugle call in camp.



THE WINNER OF THE OAKS: MR. J. B. JOEL'S OUR LASSIE.

Our Lassie started third favourite, and won easily by three lengths. Mornington Cannon was up.

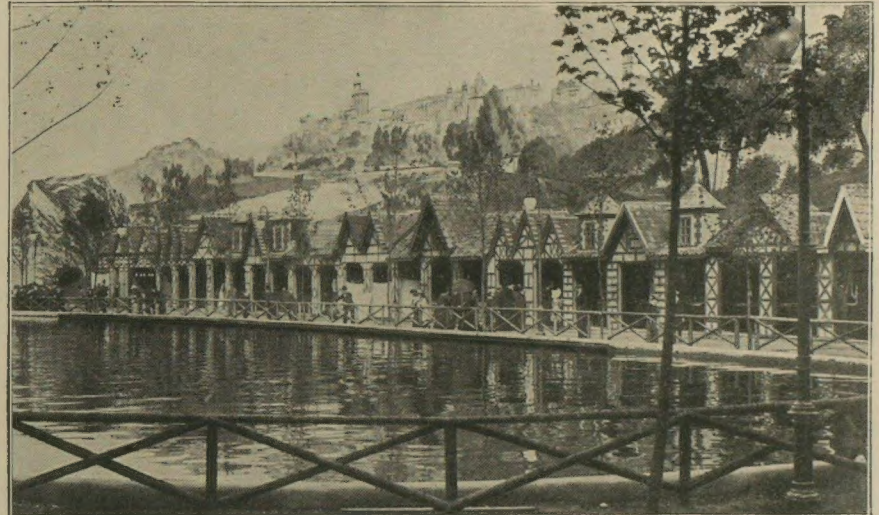


Photo. Poppoff, Sofia.

THE DISTURBANCES IN MACEDONIA: INSURGENTS REMOVING THEIR FOOD AND COOKING-APPARATUS TO THE FOREST ON HEARING OF THE ARRIVAL OF TURKISH TROOPS.



THE CANADIAN WATER-CHUTE.



Copyright Photos. Imre Kivalfy.

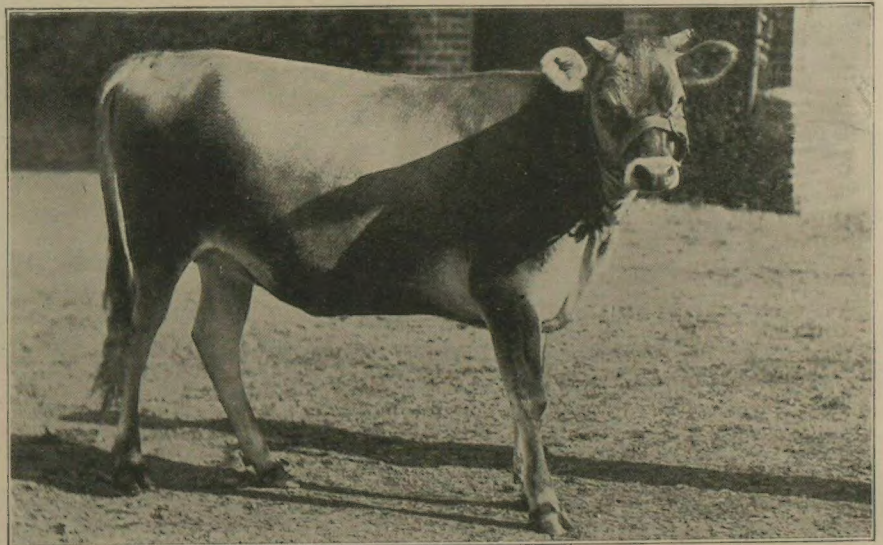
WINDSOR IN TUDOR DAYS.

THE OPENING OF THE NOTTINGHAM EXHIBITION OF HOME AND INTERNATIONAL INDUSTRIES, MAY 28.

The Nottingham Exhibition numbers among its attractions several of the side-shows made familiar by Earl's Court, notably, a water-chute, a toboggan, a fairy river, marionettes, and a Hall of Laughter.



MR. COOPER ASHLYN'S FIRST-PRIZE SHROPSHIRE RAM.



Photos. Newman, Berkhamstead.

LADY A. DE ROTHSCHILD'S "PRINCESS OF ORANGE," THE FIRST-PRIZE JERSEY HEIFER.

PRIZE-WINNERS AT THE BATH AND WEST OF ENGLAND SHOW.

A CARD OF CASUISTRY.

By E. F. BENSON.



Illustrated by A. FORESTIER.

IT was a superb morning in mid-January, and the street that runs from end to end of Davos glittered in the radiance of an incomparable sun. For the last two days hill and valley and sky had been blotted out by the drowsiness and dimness of a continuous snowfall, but at sunset the evening before the wind had fallen, a sudden crystallisation had cleared the vapours, and the stars, whose fuel is frost, had sparkled till it seemed that they must be consumed in the flame of their own burning. Morning fulfilled the promise of the night before, and an unflecked heaven, incredibly blue, made the heart sing. Clean and virgin over the hillside lay the fresh fallen covering; only the pine woods, with their filtering fingers, had already shed much of the snow, and seemed like black holes burned in the whiteness. The air was of indescribable vividness; there was

life in each breath; it was as if the dawn had broken which showed to wondering eyes the new heaven and the new earth, so speckless was the world, so little travel-stained by its eternal journey through the infinite fields of space, or by the minute myriads of living things that fluttered in the sunlight through their little day.

On this particular morning they were fluttering here with uncommon briskness, and the road below the Beau Site Hotel was thick with a cosmopolitan crowd, all carrying or dragging some appliance of motion. Motion is the keynote of Davos life; the object of all but the invalids is to move in some other way than that of walking. Some with skated boots were strolling down to the rink just below, others had *sédes*, others were towing toboggans to the train that should take them to the top of the Klosters run, and every now and then

with a jingle of bells a sledge passed with a string of toboggans behind it. Already the lines of outdoor wooden shelters, where all day the consumptives lie just for the pureness of the untaintable air to kill, unaided by drugs or the skill of man, the deadly myriads of their disease, were full of patients, and so bronzed and browned were they by the day-long sun that you could scarce have believed that, as they lay there quiet and cheerful, they were carrying on their passive war against a fatal enemy, starving it out of its citadel by cutting off all supplies of damp or impoverished air.

For some hour or so after the sun had risen above the jagged outline of the eastern hills that close in this windless valley, the double doors of the Beau Site were constantly on the swing, pouring out the crowds of



He saw the doctor holding his cards rather forward, and deliberately looked at them.

woollen-clad motion-seekers on to the trampled fields of dry, powdery snow. Then there came a lull: a belated skater would still hurry out from time to time, and now and then some indolent exception to the law of motion would draw a chair into some sunny corner of the verandah, and put in the hours till lunch with a book or a bundle of unanswered letters.

Among these quiescent sun-worshippers was a young man of not more than twenty-two or three, whose occupation appeared to consist solely of smoking cigarettes. Though he often exchanged a word or two with the outgoers, you would have easily guessed that he kept his place there not only for this minute social employment of passing greetings, for his eye was steady on the swinging door as if waiting for some definite exit. At length, on the appearance of a middle-aged professional-looking man, he got up, with an observable anxiety or nervousness, and advanced towards him.

"Good-morning, doctor," he said. "You have seen my mother?"

The doctor's eye rested for a moment with evident pleasure on this piece of physical fitness which was so far from requiring his services.

"Yes, Jack," he said; "and to put you out of your suspense I may tell you at once, as a nurse once said to me, that the case presents no further interest."

"You mean she—"

"Yes, I mean just that. At 10.50 a.m. to-day I certify that she has no longer any symptom of tubercular disease. She is cured. She took it in time, or, rather, you made her. I think you may congratulate yourself on having saved her. Anyhow, I congratulate you."

"Then she may go home at once?"

"Ah, no," replied the doctor; "that is a different matter. She must not go to England till April, at the earliest."

"But if she is well?"

"She mustn't get ill again. No risks of an English spring, please. She needn't stop here all the time. She can go south before long. The Riviera or Italy."

Jack's grave face grew a shade graver. He flicked the ash of his cigarette on to his waistcoat and blew it off again with studied care, while the doctor watched him.

"Yes, she would like that," he said, and paused. "I can't tell you how grateful—I am—we are—to you for your care of her," he added.

The doctor laughed.

"Well, you can go and break your neck on the ice-run now with a light heart," he said, "and play your bridge in the evening with the same. Remember, the case presents no further interest whatever."

He nodded kindly to the boy, and turned back into the hotel again.

But apparently a light heart was not yet of the party, for Jack Lamborn leaned on the balustrade of the verandah, and his face was the only sombre spot in the mirth and laughter of the sunshine. For one moment only, when the doctor had told him that his mother could be pronounced well, had a load of incessant care, heavy like a thunderstorm, been lifted from him; with the next words it had returned with added weight and blackness. And this care was the most sordid and least salutary of all human cares—money. Even now in his pocket, arrived by the last evening's post, was a letter from his father saying that he could send them no more money, and they must return at once to England. A letter of the same kind had come a fortnight before, to meet which Jack had taken a desperate and hazardous expedient—namely, bridge-playing with a certain party in the hotel for points which he could not possibly afford. He was himself a very fine player, luck had been strongly in his favour, and for the last fortnight he and his mother, unknown to her, had paid their hotel bills out of his winnings. And now, with hideously punctual irony, this great joy had come mingled with the impossibility of its realisation. There were three months yet to get through, with no means of getting through them, and the doctor spoke lightly of the Riviera and Italy!

Suddenly, with almost the vividness of actual hallucination, a picture flashed across his mind. He saw a room lit by shaded candles, and among the players at a card-table in the middle was a man clear to his eye in the most minute details—a man not yet old, but with grey streaks in his thick hair; handsome, dark, saturnine, with keen cold eye, steadily losing not money only, but the very life of her whom he had married, Jack's mother. By his side stood a tumbler of champagne, and on the floor near him a wine-cooler packed with ice and several bottles standing in it. Next moment the glass would be empty, and in answer to an oath a servant would hurry into the room to uncork a fresh bottle. From time to time one of the players would leave his seat to take a sandwich or a cigarette from a side table, the candles would gutter in their sockets, and, as like as not, the pale-faced dawn would peep through the chinks of the curtains into the thick, smoke-laden atmosphere, and it was morning. . . . Then the hotel door swung open again, and into the sunlight came Jack's sunlight.

One could scarce have imagined that she was his mother, so young she appeared. Like him, she was tall; unlike him, she was blonde, and gold flamed and smouldered in the coils of her hair. And as their eyes met, both faces were lit with an answering joy.

"Jack, you bad boy!" she said; "how often have I told you I will not have you hanging about all the morning, waiting for me? Why aren't you skating?"

"I'm going in five minutes," he said; "but it was worth while waiting for the doctor this morning."

"Ah, you have seen him! I wanted to tell you myself. Oh, Jack, do you remember that morning only two years ago when I started—when you made me start—without the slightest faith that I could get well! Ah, my dear."

There was silence a moment: then with a sudden change of voice,

"Have you heard from your father again?" she asked.

Jack's hand even at the moment touched the envelope containing the drunken scrawl he had just deciphered, bidding them both return at once, but he answered without hesitation—

"Yes, just a line, saying all was well. Nothing more. Why?"

"Nothing; he never writes to me, you know."

"No," he replied, and was silent again, for there was no need to dwell on hideous memories of neglect, cruelty, and suffering dumbly borne.

"There is only one thing that troubles me," she went on in a moment. "Dr. Image tells me I must be out of England till the middle of April. That will be rather expensive. How is our money lasting?"

"Oh, that will hold out all right," said Jack carelessly. "The doctor said something about the Riviera after this. I don't feel certain that you could manage that. You may have to stop here."

"When must you get home?" she asked.

"At the end of the month. Ah, this is the best morning we have had. But the news is better."

That afternoon he wrote to his father, telling him the good news, and saying also that till the middle of April she had been ordered to remain abroad. He told him that for the last fortnight they had been living on his own bridge-winnings; but if his luck deserted him, and no supplies were sent out, she would be obliged—risking all the good she had gained—to come home. His mother, he added, knew nothing of all this.

From the point of weather, the next week was a sevenfold repetition of this gorgeous morning; from the point of bridge, the evenings were even a more glorious repetition of the favours of the great goddess Luck. By the end of it he had over a hundred pounds in hand, and when his father's letter arrived, saying merely that he was delighted that Jack should spend his winnings in so filial a manner, but that it was quite idle to look for funds from home, for the simple reason that there were no funds—he felt that in a few more days, if only luck held, he could regard his mother's stay abroad till mid-April as provided for. Fifty pounds more would be sufficient, then good-bye to the green cloth and the marking-sheets. His face burned somewhat at the idea of refusing to play any longer with the men he had won from so handsomely, but—think what they might of him—he could not afford to risk his accomplished object.

But Luck is no domestic pet whom one can whistle to one's side; she is of the fierce primal forces of the world, and more self-willed than an April day, now all smiles, the next moment a volley of tempest-driven hail. And at this particular juncture her aspect towards Jack changed. Instead of a smiling face, she showed him indifferent, set, and wooden features; she did not batter him with a succession of losses; she merely disregarded him altogether. He had neither bad luck nor good luck; he held hour after hour moderate cards which he played with his accustomed skill, sometimes winning a couple of sovereigns after twice as many hours of play, sometimes losing about the same. The hands were often full of interest, but he took no more than the faintest pleasure in this, since he was playing with one definite object—to win fifty pounds. Then quite suddenly Luck awoke from her indifference and became savagely aware of him.

For the next four or five nights everything went about as wrong as it is possible for cards to go. If he declared a no-trump hand which, with the minimum of average aid from his partner, would, in nine cases out of ten, be sufficient to win the game, his partner displayed a hand in which weakness bordered upon paralysis. If, on the other hand, taking warning from these harsh events, he acted with more caution, and, after hesitation, passed the declaration, his partner (also after hesitation) would declare spades, and display the complement of a complete no-trumper. In fact, the result of these inglorious evenings was that his winnings, or, as it seemed to him, his mother's health, were diminished from a hundred pounds to under twenty, and in every sovereign that he lost he saw, not twenty shillings, but weeks and months that would have been hers to live, poured into the pockets of his adversaries. Worse than all, he felt that his nerve was going, and with it the fine edge and firmness of his play.

Indeed, day and night were becoming one long nightmare to him: his dreams were dismal and misshapen repetitions of the hours of play; all night long he would wrestle with hands composed of short suits of valueless cards, while from right and left of him there were poured out cascades of aces. Or again, in his adversaries' hands were dim, shadowy cards of unknown suits, painted with indecipherable pictures, and potent to take any card that he might hold. Again, he would think that he was no longer playing for money, but for his mother, and every rubber he lost deprived her

of a finger or a limb. Then when morning came, he woke to realities hardly more negotiable: each day saw a diminished exchequer, and he cursed himself with a sense of sickening helplessness for not having been content with a hundred pounds. With strict economy, and moving to a cheaper hotel, it might have been sufficient to carry her into April; but now the moment, so it seemed, was inevitably approaching when he would have to tell her that there was no more money, and take her back to the risks and chances of an inclement spring. On the fifth evening, after luck had turned so savagely against him, one of their usual four was absent, and Dr. Image had been asked to fill his place. The run of the cards to-night was even more cruelly against Jack than before, and his already depleted winnings at once began draining out with steady swiftness. Then there occurred a moment.

It was Jack's deal: he had declared hearts, and found in his partner's hand a dreary and sordid collection of quite unpromising pasteboard. Eventually, with two more cards to play, his adversaries had made the odd; another trick would give them game and rubber. Dr. Image, holding his cards rather forward in the manner of an unaccustomed player, was on his right, and led a club; Jack himself held queen and ace, and his partner did not hold the king. If, therefore, he played the queen, and the king was on his left, he lost a very heavy rubber which would take from him practically the remainder of his winnings. He could not go on playing without more money, and to-morrow he would have to tell his mother that the Davos days were over. If, on the other hand, the king was on his right the rubber was saved. He hesitated a moment, then glanced up, saw the doctor holding his cards rather forward, and deliberately looked at them. The king was there, and he played the queen, saving the rubber.

From that moment the tide turned in his favour; two more deals with a heavy no-trumper gave him the rubber, and before going to bed he won three more. Yet his dreams that night were scarcely more tolerable than those of the nights before, for again and again he seemed to hold hands consisting of queens and aces, and on each occasion he looked into one of his adversaries' hands to see where the king lay; and at morning he woke to the ugly reality of what he had done. Nor did the reality get less ugly as the hours passed. Being honest with himself, he told himself that it was by no chance accident that he had seen the card; he had intended, though the duration of the moment of intention was infinitesimal, to look and profit by what he saw. Like all thoughtful gamblers also, he was superstitious: his cheating had turned his luck.

That evening again it seemed as if Luck must be in league with the devil, and his concession to the latter had won back the other to his side. Rubber after rubber was played, for they sat late that night, and honours and aces were showered on him. Yet behind the thrill and exhilaration of winning, there was a dull and aching spot. This, too, was exaggerated by the fact that his mother had heard that he played high every evening, and timidly but very earnestly had besought him not to go on. He had seen the ruin that had come on his father's home—was not that sufficient? The irony of this—that the pleading should come from her—was exquisite; but he half comforted her, and had to leave it so by promising very willingly that he would play no more after he left Davos. He had played continually, he told her, and won from the same people—friends of his. It was impossible to drop it suddenly now.

All that week his extraordinary luck continued, until the fame of it spread through the hotel, and every evening a crowd of excited backers besieged his table. Eventually, two nights before he was to leave for England, he cleared by ten pounds the limit he had set himself. But the memory of one moment during the last ten days stuck in his throat, and went from strength to strength of intolerableness, till by degrees his resolution framed itself.

It was about ten on his last evening when he tapped at the doctor's door. He had been packing after dinner, and had not played cards. The cheery voice answered him, and he went in.

"Ah, that's capital," said Dr. Image. "I was just wondering whether I should see you or not before you went. I did not like to interrupt your last evening with your mother, or I would have come to your room."

This did not make things easier.

"She gets better every day," he went on; "and really, as I told you, you have got yourself to thank. Whisky? Mix it yourself. The cigarettes are by you."

Mechanically Jack mixed himself some whisky and soda, and lit a cigarette.

"I, too, wanted to see you before I went," he said; "partly to thank you for all you have done for us, partly because—I have something to tell you."

The doctor looked up quietly, observed the shaking hand, heard the unsteady voice, and wondered what was coming.

"Yes?" he said.

"I cheated at bridge the other night," said Jack: "I cheated you of eighteen pounds, for if I had not looked over your hand you would have won the rubber. Will you allow me to pay it you?"

"By all means," said the doctor, and Jack laid three notes and three sovereigns on the table. The doctor picked them up in silence and chinked the sovereigns together absently.

"I want to ask you a question," he said, "because it interests me to know how a man who cheats can be sorry for it. Had you any special reason for doing so?"

"Yes," said Jack.

"Very urgent?"

"Very urgent."

Then suddenly the doctor's face, which had been very hard and stern, grew soft, and he sat down by him.

"Was it connected with your mother?" he asked.

"Was it—was it—connected with her stopping abroad till April?"

Jack nodded; he was past speech.

"Poor chap!" said the doctor.

THE END.

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ROYALTY AT THE CHIEF ENGLISH RACE - MEETING.

Princess Victoria. Princess of Wales. Prince of Wales. The Queen. The King.



THE ROYAL BOX AT THE DERBY OF 1903.

DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT EPSOM.

On May 27 the King, the Queen, and Princess Victoria witnessed the race for the Derby. The Prince and Princess of Wales were also present.

RECENT BIOGRAPHY.

Augustus Caesar, and the Organisation of the Empire of Rome. By John B. Firth. Heroes of the Nations. (London and New York: Putnam. 5s.)

Mazarin. By Arthur Hassall. Foreign Statesmen Series. London: Macmillan. 2s. 6d.)

Isabella d'Este, Marchioness of Mantua. By Julia Cartwright (Mrs. Ady). Two vols. (London: John Murray. 25s.)

The Sailor King, William IV.: His Court and His Subjects. By Fitzgerald Molloy. (London: Hutchinson. 21s.)

Christian Victor: The Story of a Young Soldier. By T. Herbert Warren. (London: John Murray. 12s.)

Mr. Firth has produced a sound, if not very lively, essay on one of the most interesting chapters in Roman history, the formation of the Empire under Augustus. His task has perhaps been rendered more delicate by the fact that two very good volumes of the same series, Mr. Warde Fowler's "Julius Cæsar" and Mr. Strachan Davidson's "Cicero," cover part of the same ground. A younger scholar naturally hesitates to repeat what his elders have just been saying excellently, but the result of this becoming modesty is that the unlearned reader who comes to this book in the hope that it will explain itself may be disappointed, and is almost sure to be bewildered. For Mr. Firth assumes some acquaintance with the Latin tongue and considerable familiarity with the Roman Constitution. Given these postulates, he is a helpful guide through a confused period. But it might be better in a popular manual to translate extracts from Tacitus; and it is not of much service to describe to a general audience how Augustus modified the Republican constitution of Rome without some preliminary explanation of that constitution. No one, we imagine, would set about a popular life of Napoleon without giving an introductory chapter on the French Revolution. Augustus rose to power at the end of a long period of civil wars and revolutions, during which the names and forms of the old Roman State had been technically preserved; and any account of his reign must necessarily bristle with such technical terms as "comitia," "praetors," "equestrian order," and the like. The specialist, of course, would resent any definition of these, but many worthy citizens who made some beginnings in Roman history in their youth might be glad to have their path made easier when they took up a new life of Augustus. In the same way Mr. Firth assumes that we all remember our Virgil and Horace and Ovid: thus his remarks on the literary activity of the reign, while sensible and even interesting, will seem slight to many readers. It would have been quite worth while to have gone more thoroughly into the wonderful way in which Augustus and his friend Maecenas managed to ally a genuine new birth of literature to their reorganisation of political life. Mr. Firth walks in the safe paths: he is content to recount, with cautious criticism, as much of the facts as can be recovered, and that is sometimes not very much. Contemporary historians were muzzled under the Empire, and later writers generally lied freely. Augustus' own character remains a riddle. We note with enjoyment that Mr. Firth cannot resist the temptation of calling Armenia "a buffer-state" between Rome and Parthia. The label was probably invented by the present President of Trinity in a course of lectures at Oxford a few years ago, and it so appealed to his hearers that it is said that the examiners of the year found that the best means of differentiating the honours candidates was to give a first class in Roman History to every man who did not use it.

The wars of the Fronde afford as confusing a period to the student as can well be imagined; and in his "Mazarin" Mr. Hassall is to be commended for his success in picking out the main stream of history. He shows how difficult it was for an obscure Italian to carry on the task of Richelieu, how ably Mazarin worked for his adopted country, and how his cold diplomacy (seen at its ignoblest in his attitude to our own Charles I.) established the foundation for the brilliant reign of Louis XIV., while it failed to alleviate the abuses, in domestic matters, which were leading inevitably, though unperceived, towards revolution. But the merely human reader is attracted by the rivalries and ambitions, the daring feats of arms wrought for trivial causes, which Mr. Hassall dismisses with scant notice. The actions of men like Condé and Turenne were largely due to jealousies and intrigues at Court which are hard to follow, and though the brilliant Frenchwomen who dictated the policy of their lovers had little permanent effect on history, their careers and personalities deserve consideration. Mazarin himself, as the husband of Anne of Austria, as the uncle of beautiful nieces, and as a great collector and connoisseur, can hardly be said to live in these pages. But in them his public career is certainly chronicled and analysed with success.

There is no woman of the high times of the Renaissance in Italy whose life is so fit to correct the extravagant appreciations of modern historians as Madonna Isabella d'Este, Marchesa di Mantova. It cannot be denied that the aim of all historians who followed Macaulay was, more or less, to astonish; and the difference of manners always yielded matter enough for a kind of majestic appeal to the wonder of the public. English readers in 1850 were prepared to hear anything of the Italian Renaissance, for example, that

was monstrous and inhuman. We have learnt to take somewhat wider and calmer views. A modern Renaissance—only a little one, to be sure—has taken place in our very midst, and has not alarmed us. We have begun to consider, besides, how inordinately conspicuous the sieges, the sackings of cities, the murders of princes, the revenges, the poisonings, and the wars appear to the backward glance of the historian, and how large were the spaces, how quiet the intervals. Isabella d'Este, eminent woman as she was in warlike times, politically important and active, and herself a ruling monarch in the place of her husband, is precisely the figure that brings measure and composure into the picture of the past. The one thing that saves history from the dullness of generalities and their rhetorical records abounds in regard to this woman; and that thing is detail. It makes living history. The mass of evidence, the number of documents, the minuteness of chronicles, must indeed have daunted even so brave a gatherer as Mrs. Ady, who, with her hands thus loaded, has hardly succeeded in getting very definite form into her biography with its concurrent and contemporary annals. But a careful reader, even so, and with many pauses where the intersection occurs with other momentous lives, makes his way clearly enough. Isabella d'Este wrote an infinite number of letters, and Mrs. Ady makes a good selection. Among many to the Marquis of Mantua, there are two or three that have a dignified and even noble pathos: the Marquis was not a loving husband. Isabella comforted herself with abundant luxury of the finer kind;



ISABELLA D'ESTE.

FROM THE PICTURE BY TITIAN IN THE IMPERIAL MUSEUM, VIENNA.

Reproduced from "Isabella d'Este," by permission of Mr. John Murray.

with the work of all the schools—for her career took her from the Parmesan, the Milanese, the Roman, the Florentine masters, to the full prime of the Venetian, and her portraits by Leonardo da Vinci and by Titian are the frontispieces of these two volumes; with the scholars and men of letters who were her correspondents; with works of architecture and decoration; and with the prayers of her favourite nun. Rigid, ascetic, solitary, and yet very tenderly concerned for the family griefs, the Saint (man or woman) always stands in the background of these fifteenth and sixteenth century lives, receiving confidences and imploring blessings. Of these we read, and of Lucrezia Borgia's frequent washing of her fair hair, and of dances and dresses. Sieges and plagues there were, but the intervals were long, gorgeous, and full of festivals.

Mr. Fitzgerald Molloy, in his latest addition to what may be called the gossip of history, may congratulate himself on a real success. Though so many interesting people flourished during the period which included the brief reign of William IV., that time has been curiously neglected by the historian, and yet surely no portion of the nineteenth century is richer in amusing memoirs, diaries, and letters. Even those familiar with the already published gossip of that day will almost certainly find something added to their knowledge by a perusal of Mr. Molloy's amusing volumes; but he would be probably the first to admit that his title is a misnomer, for only a comparatively small portion of the work concerns itself with the Sailor King, who, to tell truth, had not a particularly striking or romantic

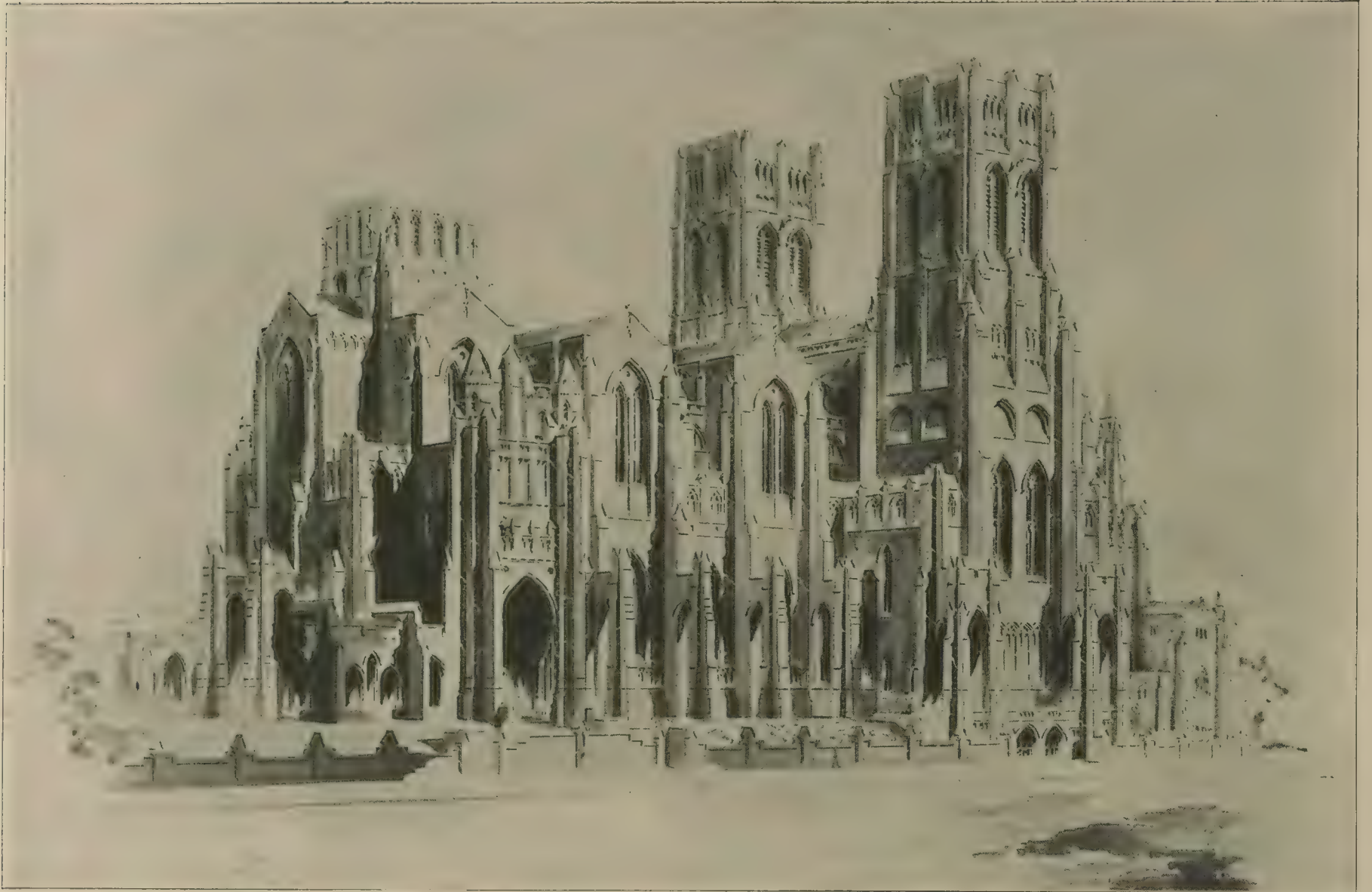
personality. The writer has been fortunate in obtaining a certain amount of hitherto unpublished material from the descendants of those remarkable men and women who played so great a part in the immediately pre-Victorian era. Particularly charming, and fresh, as regards much of the information they contain, are those chapters devoted to recounting the fate and fortune of the Sheridan family, especially of the wonderful group of sisters of whom the one became Helen Lady Dufferin, the second Mrs. Norton, and the third the Duchess of Somerset. Though known to every reader of Byroniana, the story of that extraordinary man's strange attachment—it can scarcely be called a love affair, since all the affection was on the lady's side—to Lady Caroline Lamb was worth the recital in a connected form. Mr. Molloy is apparently very much prejudiced against Lady Byron; and his account of her own and the poet's famous quarrel and final parting certainly differs materially from that which several of their friends gave to the world. Yet another old story and old scandal recalled in these pages is the strange Shelley-Godwin romance. Perhaps most people will turn with special interest to the few references to Queen Victoria, which include a description of her as she appeared at her first Drawing-Room, "dressed in a frock of English blonde, simple, modest, and becoming." Of course, there is an account of Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg's first visit to England and his first meeting with his future wife; but as concerns this important episode Mr. Molloy has nothing fresh to put on record. New, however, is an amusing little anecdote, vouched for by Sir Robert Peel, which tells how some time after Queen Victoria's accession the Lord Chamberlain of the widowed Queen Adelaide one day received a dirty-looking letter inscribed "Lord How," and when about to throw it into the fire as probably containing one of innumerable illiterate petitions, he fortunately opened it, and discovered it was a letter from the maiden monarch announcing to her aunt her coming marriage! "I suppose some foot-boy at Windsor Castle had enclosed and directed it to 'Lord How,'" was the pregnant remark made by Sir Robert Peel when telling the story. A word may be said in praise of the eighteen illustrations, which include little-known portraits of several persons who lived far into the last century, particularly good being a reproduction of Chalon's Benjamin Disraeli, and a charming early miniature of Mrs. Carlyle.

In "Prince Christian Victor" the President of Magdalen College, Oxford, has told with great directness, and with the aid of many intimate letters and diaries, the all too short life-story of the one of Queen Victoria's many soldier grandsons who may be said to have actually given his life for his country. Prince Christian Victor, although the son of the heir to a great German Duchy—a fact not once alluded to in these pages—was quite typically British in education, in sentiment, and in those manly qualities which stood the nation in such good stead during the late South African struggle. The book is dedicated to the officers and non-commissioned officers of the King's Royal Rifle Corps, of which the Prince was Brevet-Major and Captain at the time of his death, and in which he took so constant, so personal, and so professional an interest. Indeed, it is on record that on more than one occasion he told his mother, "If anything happens to me, please do not have me brought home. It is so unfair on the men if the officers are brought home, as they have to be left out: what is good enough for the men is good enough for me." Prince Christian Victor was born at Windsor Castle on the Palm Sunday of 1867; and after a happy childhood spent with his brother and two sisters in being taught—as Mr. Warren well puts it—the three lessons of the Persian boy of old, "to ride, to shoot straight, and to tell the truth," his parents decided that he should enter one of the great public schools, he being the first member of our royal family to do so. The school chosen was Wellington, which owed its inception to the Prince Consort, and whose Visitor is the Sovereign. Prince Christian Victor was treated exactly as were his schoolfellows; and he went through the regular "mill," finally achieving the proud position of captain of his school eleven: for, as all those interested in our great national game are well aware, the young soldier Prince was a noted and notable cricketer, also a good footballer, "working hard in the scrimmage and clever with his feet." In 1886 he began his undergraduate career at Magdalen College, and there again his life was in no sense distinguished from that of his fellows. In the October of 1888 he joined the 1st Battalion of the King's Royal Rifles, and henceforward it is not too much to say that his whole heart and mind were absorbed in his profession. That portion of Mr. Warren's book which deals with Prince Christian Victor in South Africa loses much owing to the fact that the very careful diary and set of sketches made by him during the whole of the early part of the South African Campaign were either lost or stolen at Pretoria; but those letters he found time to write home are full of valuable information and theories, and it is on record that he was one of the very few British officers who believed in heavy long-range guns before the Boers taught our Generals their value. The Prince died of the terrible fever which carried off so many gallant and brave men on October 29, 1900. In deference to his own wish, he was laid to rest where he had fallen, and a Boer lady present at his funeral made a striking comment: "They are burying their Prince in British soil," she said; "the English intend to remain here."

HORTICULTURE AT THE INNS OF COURT: THE TEMPLE FLOWER-SHOW.

SKETCHES BY RALPH CLEAVER.





THE PROPOSED CATHEDRAL FOR LIVERPOOL: THE ACCEPTED DESIGN.
A perspective from the plans of the architect, Mr. G. Gilbert Scott.



THE CHURCH OF NOTRE DAME DES DUNES: INTERIOR.

NOTRE DAME DES DUNES IN FESTIVAL ROBES.

THE CHURCH OF NOTRE DAME DES DUNES: EXTERIOR.

THE FIVE-HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE DISCOVERY OF THE STATUE OF NOTRE DAME DES DUNES AT DUNKIRK, MAY 31.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY FALCINY, DUNKIRK.

The famous image of the Madonna known as Notre Dame des Dunes was discovered in the sands at Dunkirk, and has for five hundred years been an object of veneration. The figure is placed over the altar of the church, which is crowded with votive offerings and tablets. Magnificent fêtes were organised for the past Whitsuntide.

THE STEEPEST RAILWAY IN EUROPE: THE NEW KALTERN-MENDEL LINE IN THE TYROL.



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A GRADIENT OF FORTY-FIVE DEGREES.



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INTERIOR OF A TUNNEL IN PROGRESS.



A ROCK-HEWN TUNNEL.



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From this the line will ascend to a point nearly 5000 ft. above sea-level.



THE MARCH OF SCIENCE THROUGH A TYROLESE SOLITUDE.

These picturesque fastnesses will be accessible to the railway traveller during the present month.



"GATHER YE ROSE-BUDS WHILE YE MAY, OLD TIME IS STILL A-FLYING."

DRAWN BY HAROLD PERCIVAL.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

DESIGN IN THE INORGANIC.

Some of my readers, I doubt not, have been following the progress of a controversy, the terms of which are interesting to everyone, concerning the application of methods of research adopted by investigators of the non-living world to the elucidation of the problems of living things. Such discussion must always prove of importance to science at large. It has been repeated over and over again in scientific history, and the battle has really raged around the nature of that mysterious entity to which, in a word, we apply the term "life." The present discussion took its origin at a popular lecture delivered at University College, London. Lord Kelvin moved a vote of thanks to the lecturer, and in the course of his remarks indicated his belief that the laws and conditions which rule and regulate the purely physical universe do not apply, as such, to the living worlds. He practically stated his belief that for the evolution of life and living things processes were required which differed materially from those represented, say, in the growth of a crystal. To put the matter in another way, Lord Kelvin's utterance indicated a belief that what we call creation, the work of an external power, is represented in the universe of life, whereas the necessity for such an influence in the non-living world, if not unrequired, is at least not apparent.

We can all understand that the argument thus stated reintroduces the case for design in nature as opposed to the working of blind force. Naturally, the scientific world soon sounded its war-cry over Lord Kelvin's suggestion. The discussion which ensued was contributed to by many distinguished men. The arguments were all instructive, but it cannot be said they contributed to the elucidation of the difficulty, which is one as old as human thought itself. One notable point was scored by the inquiry why, in the non-living world, the growth, say, of a crystal, should be held to present less forcible proof of creative design than the development of the chick out of the egg?

If I watch the gradual building up of a crystal out of a solution, and see how, with accurate regularity, the process of forming the particle proceeds, am I not witnessing the operation of law as exact as that which determines the evolution of the brain in the developing animal? Both processes are surely expressions of the working of definite laws which make a lead crystal differ from one of arsenic, or which determine the different ways to which the frog and the bird are guided respectively in the course of their evolution. If there is "a law behind the law" which science cannot touch—the unknowable extending through all things—why should I not see in the formation of a diamond an exhibition of "creative" power equal to that which operates in the development of the cell of a leaf? Creation, surely, viewed as Lord Kelvin defines it, does not limit its work to life alone. The inner law which is responsible for the greatness of man, might philosophically be conceived to operate with as definite power in establishing gravitation.

That which appears to constitute the crux of the whole matter seems to me to find its pivot in the words "design" and "creation." Lord Kelvin is therefore placed in the dilemma of having to admit that if creation implies design (limited to living beings, as he indicated), then there can be no design in a crystal. The world of inorganic matter is thus regarded as the product of blind force, while the world of life is the product of a creative power, the finger of which directs the ways of organic things. I fail to see the rationality of this view. It tends to accentuate still more deeply the opinions which on one side assert design and creation as the real elements of all cosmical becomings, living and non-living alike, and those which attribute all the world's belongings to the play of matter and of force. The "materialistic" position here is logically sound enough, for it is based on the universal recognition of law, and, besides, it touches and assimilates with the other position, in that law may be held to imply definite conditions such as science, as yet, cannot grasp or explain. What appears to be the stumbling-block in the way is really the fact that life stands in its works apart from purely physical processes. But it utilises these last, for living functions are carried out largely through purely physical conditions; only the power we call "life" dominates them and brings into them a new factor such as is not represented or wanted in the evolution of the crystal or other non-living substance.

When mankind began to think over these far-reaching problems their views found expression in very varied shapes; views, I mean, which tend to formulate an idea of the "law within the law." I can understand the pantheism of Wordsworth, for example, and the foundation for the faith that "every flower enjoys the air it breathes," or the expression of the belief that a soul illuminates and extends through all things. With Huxley, in his famous discourse on protoplasm, we might hold that as we do not postulate some power or quality called "aquosity" to explain the union of oxygen and hydrogen to form water, so we need not figure forth a mysterious "vitality" to explain the nature of life. But to my mind the problem of water-formation and of nothing else, when certain conditions are presented, appears as mysterious, in one sense, as is the evolution of the leaf. Science has reached the inner cause neither of the one event nor of the other, and therefore, while we recognise the difference of vital from purely physical actions, we must not forget the fact that they touch one another at many points, and that the essence of both is inexplicable as things are.

Wise are we if, therefore, we recognise that we live in a universe whereof the ultimate cause is hidden from us. Well may we say with a great scientist that we bow our heads reverently before a mystery we can neither analyse nor comprehend.

ANDREW WILSON.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to Chess Editor.

P E W M (Crowthorne, Berks).—Rayner's "Three-Move Chess Problem" and "Chess Openings, Ancient and Modern," are the two books most likely to serve your purpose. We are pleased to learn you are studying under such favourable auspices.

ALADAR KLEIN (Messina).—We are sorry the composition you send is not of a nature we are able to use.

SORRENTO.—Many thanks. We have no doubt it will be found on examination acceptable as usual.

FIDELITAS AND A G BRADLEY.—Your problems are marked for insertion.

G E R GAUNT (Pontefract).—There is another solution to your problem by 1. Kt to Q 5th, etc.

J DUNN AND OTHERS.—There is no solution of No. 3082 by 1. Q to B 4th or 1. Q to Kt 4th.

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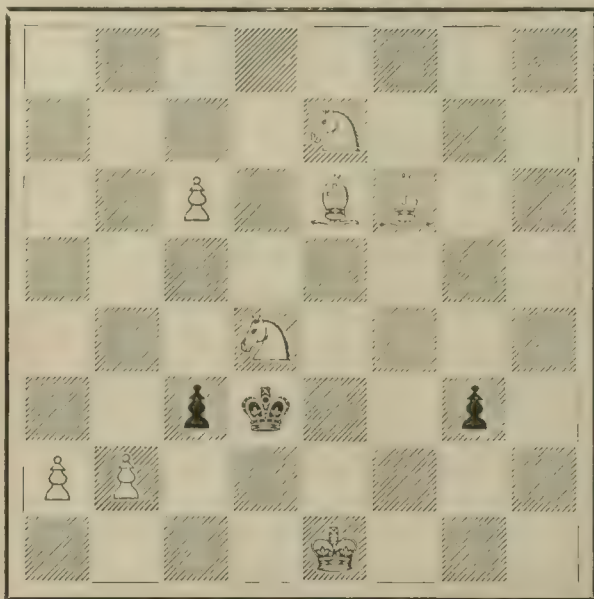
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SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3081.—By H. WHITEN.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. Q to Kt 8th. Any move
2. Mates.

PROBLEM No. 3084.—By G. STILLINGFLEET JOHNSON.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN VIENNA.

Game played in the Gambit Tournament between
Messrs. TEICHMANN and MAROCZY.

(Bishop's Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. T.)	BLACK (Mr. M.)	WHITE (Mr. T.)	BLACK (Mr. M.)
1. P to K 4th	1. P to K 4th	17. K takes P	Kt to B 5th (ch)
2. P to K B 4th	2. P takes P	This seems a useless check, and places the Knight on a square from which retreat is difficult.	
3. B to B 4th	3. P to Q 4th	18. K to Kt sq	Q to Kt 4th
4. B takes P	4. Q to Kt 4th (ch)	19. Q Kt to B 3rd	Q to Kt 3rd
5. K to B sq	5. P to Kt 4th	20. Kt to R 4th	Q to Kt 4th
6. P to Q 4th	6. B to Kt 2nd	21. Kt to B 5th	P to K R 4th
7. P to B 3rd	7. Kt to K 2nd	22. Q to B 3rd	B takes Kt
8. B to B 4th	8. Q Kt to B 3rd	23. P takes B	P takes P
9. Kt to Q 2nd	9. Q to R 4th	24. Q takes K Kt P	R to R 4th
10. K Kt to B 3rd	10. Kt to Kt 3rd	Q takes Q (ch) is no better, as the subsequent exchanges all result in a lost game.	
11. P to Kt 4th		25. R to K sq (ch)	K to Q 2nd
12. P to Kt 5th		26. R to K 7th (ch)	K to B sq
		27. P to B 6 (dis. ch)	Q takes Q (ch)
		28. Kt takes Q	R to Kt 4th
		29. K to B 2nd	
		The fine judgment of this move is noteworthy. It gives a rare finish to a fine game one of the best in the tournament.	
		30. K to B 3rd	R takes Kt
		31. K takes R	B takes R
		32. B takes B	Kt (B 5) to K 3rd
		33. B takes Kt (ch)	Resigns.

The position is now charmingly complicated, but Black has not sufficient material for this attack, which is met with perfect precision.

10. R P takes P P takes P (ch)

CHESS BY CABLE.

Game played between the Manhattan Chess Club, New York, and the Havana Chess Club.

(Queen's Gambit Declined.)

WHITE (Havana).	BLACK (Manhattan).	WHITE (Havana).	BLACK (Manhattan).
1. P to Q 4th	1. P to Q 4th	24. Kt to B sq	P takes P (ch)
2. P to Q R 4th	2. P to K 3rd	25. B takes P	P to R 4th
3. Kt to Q B 3rd	3. Kt to K B 3rd	26. R to B sq	P to B 4th
4. Kt to B 3rd	4. P to Q R 3rd	27. P to Kt 2nd	K to B 2nd
5. P to K 3rd	5. P takes P	28. K to Kt 2nd	K to K 2nd
6. B takes P	6. P to Q Kt 4th	29. B to K sq	P to R 4th
7. B to Q 3rd	7. P to B 4th	30. K to B 3rd	B to Q 3rd
8. P takes P	8. B takes P	31. R to B ad	B to K 4th
		32. K to K 2nd	K to B 2nd
		33. B to B 2nd	R to B 4th
		Taking advantage of the weakness of the Pawns on the adverse Queen's wing. The exchange of Rooks is forced, and the Pawns must fall. The play of Knight and Bishop by Black has been most skilful and clever.	
		34. R takes R	Kt takes R
		35. Kt to Q 2nd	B takes Q Kt P
		36. Kt to Kt sq	Kt to K 4th
		37. B to K sq	B to K 4th
		38. K to B 3rd	K to K 2nd
		39. K to Kt 2nd	K to Q 3rd
		40. Kt to Q 2nd	Kt takes Kt
		41. B takes Kt	K to Q 4th
		42. K to B 3rd	B to Q 3rd
		43. B to B sq	K to B 5th
		White resigns.	

These exchanges, initiated on the eleventh move, do not serve White as much as might be expected. They simplify the game, it is true, but Black is at least two moves ahead, and these are bound to count in the ending.

THE MOORS IN JUNE.

We might use the term "the moors," as it is employed in "The Moor and the Loch," for example, to embrace the whole area of Highland sport with the gun. Such an application of it is at least as correct as that of "forests" to our deer reserves. The possibilities afforded within that area are not to be judged by general present-day practice, narrowed as it is in fact, and still more in popular conception. Grouse and red-deer, in the latter case, would almost sum up the bag. And it would be made in the autumn. For sportsmen now spend shorter seasons in the North, and the limits of Highland sport have contracted in accord with modern taste and convenience. Its true range is shown in the old distinction of the Highland hunter, to wear whose badge none was held entitled who had not killed "a red-deer, an eagle, a salmon, and a seal." For an idea of the variety within that range, we may take St. John's list of game to his own gun during a few hours' walk one stormy and windy day in October: Six grouse, thirteen partridges, one woodcock, one pheasant, one wild-duck, four snipe, one teal, three curlew, four plover, two jack-snipes, five hares, two rabbits. The numbers are not wonderful, but, as the shooter said, a prettier variety of game could scarcely be killed by one gun in any single locality. Or, to take an example of our own day, on ground very different from Moray, there is Mr. Gilfrid Hartley's season's list in the Hebrides, of which he tells in his newly published "Wild Sport": swan (whoopers), geese (brent, bernicle, and grey lag), ducks (mallard, widgion, teal, gadwell, pochard, eider, long-tail, sheldrake, golden-eye, merganser), woodcock, snipe, golden and green plover, rock-pigeons, curlew, heron, water-rail, dabchick, seal, and a few rabbits. Bags like these suggest the remarkably interesting scene of activities which the moors must present in their comparatively (and over great stretches of them, absolutely) unbroken early summer solitudes.

But here we will speak of the grouse-moors only. It is a great part of the charm of writers like Colquhoun and St. John that they knew them in the months preceding the Twelfth as well as in those immediately succeeding it. "I found the nest of a grouse with eight eggs, or, rather, egg-shells, within two hundred yards of a small farmhouse, in a part of my shooting-ground where there is a mere strip of heather surrounded by cultivated fields, and on a spot particularly infested by collie dogs as well as by herd-boys, *et id genus omne*. But the poor bird, although so surrounded by enemies, had managed to hatch and lead away her brood in safety. I saw them frequently afterwards, and they all came to maturity. How many survived the shooting-season I do not know, but the covey numbered eight birds far on in October." Such a passage, in its natural and leisurely style, reflects bygone conditions. Not then the brief crowded season of big bags and driven grouse—though these have their advantages as well as their joys, joys eager if not specially picturesque! The Highland sportsman still lived for the greater portion of the year on his shooting, and here we see him stopping in his spring-day walk upon a little mound from which he can admire the extensive and varied view, and then discovering at his feet this family of grouse whose fortunes he will follow till the winter mists envelop them again. If he could not reside on his ground, a journey to it for the opening day was no mere matter of a night in the Scotch express. The late Laird of Poltalloch, who died as recently as 1893, used (the author of "Autumns in Argyleshire" tells us) to ride the whole way from London, purchasing his horse and having his saddle made before starting on a journey that took him some three weeks to accomplish.

The changes marked by such reminiscences, however, do not greatly affect the activities of the spring and early summer solitudes already referred to. In the main, Nature's work on the moors in the close months is not crossed by the whims and vagaries of mankind, and goes on much as it did when St. John studied it in Moray, and Argyle lairds rode all the way from London to taste of its first-fruits. "The bird, though so surrounded by enemies, had managed to hatch and lead away her brood in safety." This sentence well sums up that work in the case of the grouse. For them (putting aside enemies of another sort, like collies and herdboys and hooded crows) the fight is with wet rather than with cold; the bird, after all, is an Arctic survival. It affects the dry heights. When the snows enshroud the higher grounds, grouse descend to the lower, and some at least remain in these to nest if the snows above are still lying deep when the pairing time arrives. Broadly, that is the history of the years in which the grouse-shooter finds a scarcity of birds in the higher moors. But grouse probably shift ground less than is generally supposed, or, rather, shift altitude less; they seek the sunny side of the knoll, and especially the tenderest tops of the young heather. The grey hen, again, leads off her brood from the nest in the plantation in search of the seeds that are their greatest dainty. For the polygamous and vaunt blackcock, the spring's chief incident is the test of might which gives marital dominion. The master-bird enthroned, "the hens remain quietly near him, while the smaller or younger male birds keep at a respectful distance, neither daring to crow, except in a subdued kind of voice, nor to approach the hens." Here we seem to have the starting-off point in Mr. Atkinson's argument for his theory of primal law. The untamable ptarmigan seeks higher and less accessible regions, above vegetation, and makes a triple change of dress for its better protection from its enemies. Its companions (as the lamb the wolf) the eagle and the raven. Hard living presumably is the rule of its existence, which may account for the peculiar delicacy of its flesh that some epicures profess to discover. Mountain trout, we know (like mountain sheep), "are sweeter" than those of more lowland streams, apparently for no other reason than that they "do themselves" less well. But, it may be remarked, all is not ptarmigan that figures as such in London menus.

D. S. M.

A VISIT TO WARINGS' ANTIQUE GALLERIES.

The multiplication and popularity of periodicals devoted to the tastes of connoisseurs and collectors is an infallible indication of the growth of public interest in fine old furniture and choice antique bric-à-brac. Collecting has become one of the intellectual vogues of the day, and there are comparatively few people of the upper and middle classes who do not, in some fashion or other, bow down before the shrine of the antique. For every collector of twenty or thirty years ago there are to-day at least a score. People of the class who were formerly content to have their houses furnished and decorated in the modern style are now, in many cases, anxious to give that cachet of taste to their rooms which a few bits of old china, a choice old engraving, or a rare piece of antique furniture will certainly bestow. Concurrent with this growth of the collecting spirit there has been naturally a forward movement on the part of those dealers whose business it is to minister to the demand. Foremost in the ranks of these must be placed the well-known firm of Waring and Sons, who, about twelve months since, finding that their antique department at 181, Oxford Street was rapidly outgrowing the limitations of their available space, took new and commodious premises at 76 to 80, Oxford Street. Here, with about an acre of galleries at their disposal, they are now able to make an exhibition of antique furniture which has many of the illustrative and historical qualities of the great representative collections, and which cannot fail to be of the highest educational value to all students of decorative art and connoisseurs of the antique who choose to avail themselves of it. For Messrs. Waring lay stress upon the fact that they do not throw open their galleries merely to intending purchasers. Anybody who takes an intelligent interest in the kind of exhibition which they, with much pains and outlay have got together will be a welcome visitor. Some of the exhibits may be seen by the passer-by in the front windows; but it is utterly impossible to obtain from this very limited display anything like a proper idea of the magnitude of the collection or of its great variety and beauty. The numerous large galleries are stored with antique treasures, which represent all the principal schools of decorative art.

The collection is specially rich in early Italian work of the Renaissance period; also in French and Spanish productions of the sixteenth century. Many of the cassones and cabinets in this department are of unique interest, forming a link as they do with the palmiest days of Italian carved work. The French furniture of Louis XIV., XV., and XVI. periods is particularly fine, and worthily represents the great *ébénistes* of those opulent times. Many of the fauteuils and couches are covered with ancient tapestries from the Gobelins, Beauvais, or Aubusson looms. One of the galleries is devoted entirely to Elizabethan oak furniture, and is beautifully panelled with woodwork which came from Neville Holt House, Warwickshire, when it was pulled down a few years ago, and which was lately rescued from threatened destruction by the enterprise of Messrs. Waring. In this gallery there is a very choice exhibit of fine English oak work of the Elizabethan and Jacobean periods. Attention must be drawn to the examples of Queen Anne furniture, to the quaint four-post Chippendale bedsteads, to the delightful assortment of Sheraton sideboards, and more particularly to the gallery



ENGLISH OAK GALLERY AT WARINGS'

in which one comes across an exquisite assemblage of perfect specimens of satinwood furniture, painted by some of the prominent artists of the eighteenth century. It is gratifying to know that satinwood furniture has again come into fashion. The fact that Messrs. Waring have made for their Majesties the King and Queen fine reproductions of some of the best old examples appears to have given a fillip to this phase of public taste, and many of the firm's wealthy customers are identifying themselves with a mode which has the approval of two such expert judges as the royal personages referred to.

It must not, however, be supposed that these Antique Galleries contain nothing but the higher-priced varieties of old specimens. The wants of the more modest collector have not been ignored. Messrs. Waring are continually scouring the country in order to pick up examples of old English furniture, and they have been particularly fortunate in getting together a fine lot of pieces—dressers, coffer, buffets, panelling, and other pieces of old English oak. The collection of tapestries is almost without a rival in a house of business. It contains a number of brilliant panels of Flemish, Brussels, and French work. Special attention may be drawn to the fine panel of Louis XV. Beauvais tapestry, the subject of which is "Cupid Crowning Psyche," the border being worked in imitation of a carved and gilt frame. In addition to the antique tapestry, Warings' have also on view four panels woven on their own looms, reproductions of Louis XV. Rose du Barri tapestry illustrating the seasons. The erection of these looms in Warings' atelier in 1898, and the employment of a competent staff of trained weavers, was the first really business-like effort, since the Mortlake manufactory—patronised by Charles I. and Charles II.—closed its doors, to produce English tapestry of artistic fabrication, and to meet the ever-increasing demand for this beautiful handicraft. These looms are characterised by simplicity and the

exceptional amount of light which the weavers have on their work. It results that the business of restoration can be carried out here without any of the risks to which a valuable piece is often exposed when it is sent for renovation to the so-called schools of art needlework. Warings have a method of cleaning which is known only to trained weavers, and the silks and worsteds which they employ are dyed with colours which are not aniline, and therefore have the permanency which characterises the best work of the olden times.

Visitors to these galleries will find a great deal to interest them in addition to the features mentioned in these brief notes. There are some very exquisite lac cabinets, quaint old clocks, ornamental metal-work, pieces of Oriental porcelain, also many old pictures of



TAPESTRY-WEAVERS AT WARINGS'.



TAPESTRY-WEAVERS AT WARINGS'.

the Flemish, Dutch, and British schools. It must not be forgotten that the supply of antiques is rapidly becoming smaller and smaller. So many are being bought for public collections, never to be dispersed, and so many are passing into the hands of the rich collectors, here and in America, that it will soon be a most difficult business to procure a genuine antique at anything like a reasonable price. *Bona-fide* pieces are bound, therefore, to appreciate in value. Those people who have the judgment and the foresight to avail themselves of the now rapidly diminishing opportunities will in a few years be in a position to congratulate themselves not only on having added to the beauty of their homes, but also on having done so on a sound and highly profitable commercial basis.

THE LOSS OF ENGLISH SOIL THROUGH THE SEA'S ENCROACHMENT: RAVAGES OF THE WAVES NEAR LOWESTOFT.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY H. C. W. BATH.



THE MENACE TO BUILDINGS: CRUMBLING CLIFFS
BELOW PAKEFIELD RECTORY.

Close to the spot from which this photograph was taken, two houses formerly stood. Just beyond the rectory, two houses have been pulled down, as their fall was inevitable. In the distance is Lowestoft.



PROTECTIVE METHODS AGAINST THE SEA'S ACTION: A RAMPART
OF FAGGOTS AND BAGS OF CONCRETE.

In order to arrest the destruction, a temporary protection has been devised of faggots bound with galvanised wire, and bags filled with sand and cement. These quickly solidify when covered with water. The railings along the top of the cliff mark the position of a former footpath.



A
VANISHED
LANDMARK:
THE LORD
NELSON
TAVERN,
NOW FALLEN
INTO THE
SEA.



THE DAMAGE TO THE PROMENADE AND SEA-WALL, LOOKING NORTH.

In the distance is the East Coast Dock, and the sea beyond.



THE DAMAGE TO THE PROMENADE AND SEA-WALL, LOOKING SOUTH.



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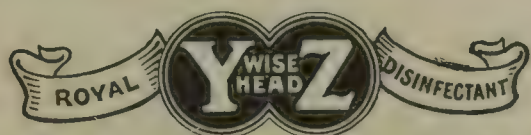
Y Z for disinfecting & washing bedclothes,
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LADIES' PAGES.

Queen Alexandra's very generous gift of an installation of the Finsen Light apparatus for treating lupus greatly assisted the London Hospital, both by enabling the treatment to be carried out and by bringing the institution into special prominence. The genuine kindness of the royal lady's heart shown in this action is only one of countless illustrations of a similar class; and to them her Majesty has just added by quietly donating one thousand pounds to the necessary new offices of the Queen Victoria Jubilee Nurses Fund. The organisation of this work will, of course, become more considerable in its dimensions by the addition to the funds of the large amount subscribed by the women of the United Kingdom as a memorial to the late Queen. The fund was originally started with the subscription raised in honour of the first Jubilee; and as it was then the method selected by Queen Victoria herself to commemorate her reign, it is quite suitable that the women's memorial to her great and revered memory should take the same direction. The amount allotted to this purpose in 1887 was about seventy thousand pounds, and eighty thousand odd is now to be added—a most valuable gift to the poor.

Everything about the Court arrangements is less "cut and dry" now than it had become at the end of the late reign. The custom, then so firmly established, of two State balls and two State concerts annually will henceforth be subject to change according to the personal convenience and the judgment of the necessities of the case of the King and Queen. The additional Drawing-Room held this year was much appreciated by those who attended it, and who would, of course, have been excluded otherwise for this season. Queen Charlotte used to hold a great number of Drawing-Rooms—in fact, they were fortnightly during the height of the season, at one time. But society was a much smaller circle in those days. Moreover, dress was not so magnificent and costly. It was quite understood during the days of financial pressure that followed on the protracted wars of that period that a positively new dress was not *de rigueur* for Court except on the special occasions of the birthdays of the King and Queen, in honour of which Courts were always held. But nowadays no lady dreams of going to a Drawing-Room without a dress entirely new, and of as magnificent a description as she can compass by expenditure, imagination, and professional aid. While a great number of the trains at the last Drawing-Room were of fragile materials, real lace and painted gauze in particular, there was a general feeling at the Court that the richer fabrics seemed the more dignified and



A GRACEFUL GOWN OF WHITE CRÊPE-DE-CHINE.

suitable, except, of course, for girls. Velvet or rich brocade in the train seemed to distinguish the wearer more than any quantity of beautiful jewels.

Among the most beautiful dresses, nevertheless, were some of the transparent ones. An exquisite painted gauze, bearing clusters of pink roses on a cream ground, was laid over pink silk and adorned with panels, wide towards the hem and narrow to the waist, of green chiffon embroidered with pink paillettes. The corsage corresponded, and was finished with a deep collar of Brussels lace lightly spangled with pink and green intermingled. The train was painted gauze over pink chiffon, having an ethereal effect; frills of pink chiffon supported it at the sides, and ostrich feathers in white and pink trimmed the ends. Another gown had a skirt of white chiffon embroidered so closely as almost to hide the foundation, with silver in a design of Lent lilies and eaves; the bodice was of similar embroidery; and the train of an old Brussels lace shawl laid on white chiffon frillings, large bows of chiffon holding the lace on the transparent foundation. Mother-of-pearl sequins embroidered on a white Brussels net glittered bravely on the front of another skirt, and were relieved with large flower-like medallions of champagne-tinted lace, let in as a line round the lower part of the skirt; the bodice was similarly treated, but was almost concealed by a deep lace collar; and the train was of champagne-tinted gauze over pale-blue satin, trimmed with bouquets of forget-me-nots and cowslips. Champagne silk muslin was also to be observed; and, finely gathered in innumerable lines, and draped with old filmy lace almost as yellow as the groundwork, it made a satisfactory underdress and bodice, with a train of panne of the same colour, trimmed with puffs of the silk muslin fixed on by trails of yellow roses. A gown which showed the fashionable yoke at the waist in gathered white chiffon had the skirt thence hanging made in kilts of the softest white taffetas, each trimmed down with a line of silver-embroidered lace. These kilts opened at the foot as the wearer moved, to show full pleating inserted of white chiffon, each headed by a cluster of lilies-of-the-valley and foliage. The train was of lisse embroidered daintily in pink and green silks, laid over rucked chiffon as a foundation, and turned back at the corners with clusters of lilies-of-the-valley and a few pink roses.

Let me describe a few of the beautiful fête dresses that I have noticed at a very smart reception at a fashionable club. Everything is fragile and dainty this year. Guipure lace is as well worn as ever: in the handsome ochre shade which is known as "Paris," it formed a complete toilet laid over ivory chiffon accordion-pleated. The bodice was finished with a waistband of green chiffon fastened with a deep gold buckle, and a fall of lace round the shoulders was laid over green silk. The three-cornered vest at the throat was of gold tissue, and it was apparently fastened down the front with four

[Continued on page 874.]

"SIX PERSONS."

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, the most genial autocrat of the breakfast-table, laid it down that when two people, a man and a woman, are together "six persons" are present—the man as he is, the man as he thinks he is, and the man as he thinks the woman thinks he is; the woman as she is, the woman as she thinks she is, and the woman as she thinks the man thinks she is.

According to this calculation, how many persons are present when these six tried favourites meet? The question must be left to someone versed in the higher mathematics, for it is by no means as easy as it seems.

From the point of view of Odol, however, these six are but as one, for they speak with but one single voice in varied tones of praise of its extraordinary merits.

Madame Clara Butt and Mr. Kennerley Rumford, among the leading singers of the day, write they "have tried Odol, and find it is the most refreshing dentifrice they have ever used. They intend to use it regularly after this."

Unique as is their position in the world of music and of song, their intention is a general one; for to use Odol once is to be resolved to use it always; and whatever may be the ordinary fate of resolutions, this one is uniformly kept. The reason is not far to seek. Most resolutions involve some sacrifice to keep. With Odol it would be a sacrifice not to keep it; for it not only cleanses and preserves the teeth as nothing else does, but it refreshes the mouth in

the same way as a bath refreshes the body, and it destroys the microbes which congregate on the gums, teeth, and tongue, and so makes the mouth healthy.

Testimony of an indirect character to many of Odol's merits is furnished by Miss Lena Ashwell, who writes: "I have used Odol, and find it delightfully refreshing, and shall not again be without it." Miss Ashwell, who is regarded by many people as the most conspicuous young actress on the stage, going as she does from triumph to triumph, until she has become the leading lady of England's greatest actor, is in many respects an exemplar of the dentifrice she likes so much and always uses, for it makes a new success with everyone who tries it.

Direct testimony to its other qualities is supplied by Miss Julia Neilson, who writes: "I like Odol immensely; it is so cleansing and refreshing to the mouth and teeth. I shall certainly always use it."

Miss Neilson is justly celebrated for her magnificent teeth, which glisten in her mouth like two rows of rare pearls when she speaks. So great is the charm of her beauty that many women make a point of paying frequent visits to the theatre at which she acts in order merely to look at her. That pleasure has, however, been denied to many of her admirers for a long time; for, except for a short season a few

months ago, Miss Neilson has been acting in the provinces, where "Sweet Nell of Old Drury" is so favourite a play that it is impossible to satisfy the demand for it.

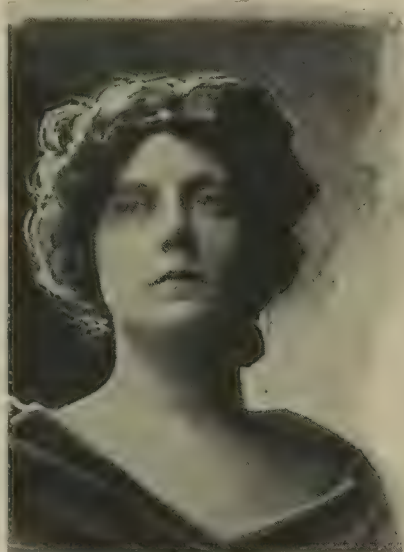
An actor who has of late years not played in the provinces at all is Mr. Seymour Hicks, who enjoys so great a popularity at the Vaudeville Theatre. Indeed, he might fairly claim that the only times he has not played in London have been when he has gone to play before the King and Queen; for he has done so on two occasions. Like his charming wife, Miss Ellaline Terriss, Mr. Hicks is a great believer in Odol, of which he writes in the following enthusiastic terms: "It gives me a great deal of pleasure to place my appreciation of the merits of Odol on record. It is delightfully fragrant and most effective, and no one, I am sure, need have the slightest hesitation in recommending it far and wide."

If that may be accepted as voicing the opinion of the younger actors, Mrs. Kendal, in whose company Mr. Hicks won his first success, may certainly be accepted as expressing the opinion of the next older generation of players, and even for the matrons generally. Indeed, the title of "The Matron of the British Drama" is one in which Mrs. Kendal has long taken the greatest pride. One of the foremost actresses in the world to-day, her art is appreciated wherever the English language is spoken, and the fastidiousness of her tastes makes her approval of Odol no light thing. Mrs. Kendal writes: "I have tried the Sweet Rose Odol, and find it most refreshing and agreeable."

If you, fair reader, have not already done so, let these "six persons" who speak as with one voice induce you to make the acquaintance of the most delightful and perfect dentifrice which the twentieth century has to offer for the beautifying of the teeth, which the dentists are everywhere declaring are not as well taken care of as they should be.



Mrs. CLARA BUTT
(Mrs. Kennerley Rumford),
England's Greatest Contralto.



MISS LENA ASHWELL,
Sir Henry Irving's Leading Lady



MR. SEYMOUR HICKS,
Author, Actor, Singer, Dancer.



MR. KENNERLEY RUMFORD,
A Favourite Singer.



MISS JULIA NEILSON,
"Sweet Nell of Old Drury."

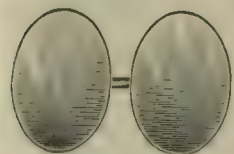


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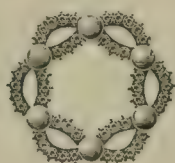
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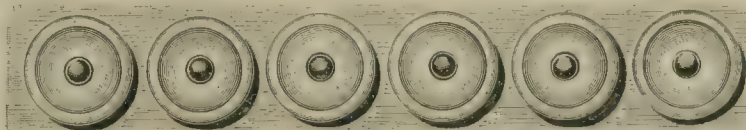
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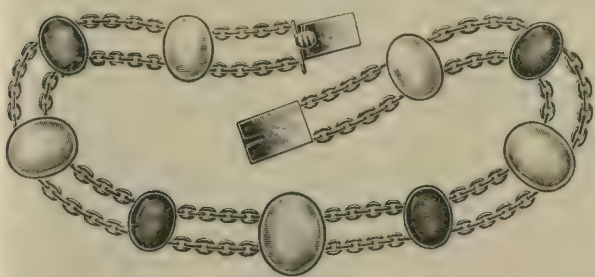
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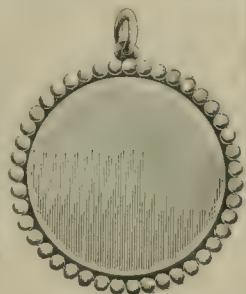
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small diamond buttons. Painted gauze is one of the most beautiful materials of the hour, and in this there was a dress of pure white, but laid over cherry-coloured silk so that a glint of colour came through. The flowers painted on the gauze were purple iris, with the right tone of green for the spiky leaves; and pansy-coloured satin formed a waistbelt with long sash-ends, while on the bodice there was some old Brussels lace arranged round the shoulders as a collar. Another dress of painted white gauze displayed a design of bunches of pink roses tied up with pale blue ribbons, the azure ribbon running also from one cluster to another of the pink blossoms; this was laid over an accordion-pleated skirt of pink chiffon. The bodice showed a deep swathed belt of pastel-blue silk, partly overhung by the painted gauze laid upon the pink chiffon, and finished with a pale-blue cravat and a cluster of pink roses at the throat.

A delicate grey chiffon was laid over an eau-de-Nil silk foundation. The skirt was much betucked to far above the knee; first there was a row of three tucks, then a band of lace slightly worked with silver sequins, then five tucks and another row of silvered lace, and finally a frou-frou of little grey chiffon flounces. The "making" of this dress was, however, a beautiful stole of chiffon, trimmed with pale-green velvet ribbon and small diamond buttons, and embroidered lightly all over, but heavily at the ends, which nearly touched the ground, with silver sequins. Ivory crêpe-de-Chine was made up with a front panel of old lace; bands of the same lace ran down the skirt at four places round it, stopping short some inches above the ground, where full fan-pleatings of chiffon were let in. Round the waist was a belt of chiné ribbon, with a large smart bow tied at the back, and finished with a diamond ornament. White carries off the palm for smart gowns this season; but the new fashionable colour dubbed "champagne" is also much liked. In the latter was a delightful canvas gown with incrustations and a wide vest of a coarse lace in the same shade sparkling with diamanté and turquoise embroidery; a collar was made of the lace similarly embroidered.

Another of the free exhibitions of beautiful objects of art gathered together by a leading London house has just been opened by Messrs. Waring at their fine galleries, 175-181, Oxford Street. There is a magnificent collection of antique and historic furniture shown, ranging from Elizabethan carved oak to the lightness and grace of comparatively modern Sheraton and Empire satinwood pieces. On the walls are to be seen unique specimens of old Gobelins and other tapestry. There is further an exceptional collection of British and Oriental carpets, and a show of special designs in lace curtains of Swiss, English, and French manufacture. There is no compulsion to purchase, and visitors are welcomed to the show-rooms on a visit of inspection.



A PRETTY BLOUSE AND A NEW SKIRT FOR THE COUNTRY.

There seems to be no end to the remarkable service which is to be rendered to mankind by products of coal-tar. Its latest application is to the preservation of the teeth and the cleansing of the mouth in the form of the new dentifrice which has so rapidly become famous, "Odol." The remarkable consensus of public and scientific opinion upon the value of "Odol" has never been exceeded with regard to any new preparation. Thus the *British Medical Journal* tells us that "when 'Odol' is diluted, the oil separates out in fine globules to form an emulsion, which goes into intimate contact with every crevice of the mouth, and by adhering to the surface, produces lasting effects"; while the "Journal of the British Dental Association" presents its readers with an elaborate report to prove that "Odol" is the most effective preparation that has ever been prepared to be used for a tooth-wash, and at the same time is almost the only one that is perfectly harmless to the mucous membrane of the mouth. The use of Odol is a protection, too, against incurring infectious disease, as it has an antiseptic property of longer duration than that of any other known tooth-wash. Furthermore, its taste is agreeable, and it is made clear that it does not injure the teeth, as do so many more violent dentifrices. Care of the teeth is most necessary, and that not only on grounds of looks—though this is a point of importance, for the loss of a few teeth will at once destroy the contour of the face; but besides that, bad teeth have a great influence in causing indigestion, and therefore diminishing the vitality.

Another desirable adjunct to cleanliness, and the refinement and health that it implies, is found in the several preparations of the Californian Borax Company, which are invaluable in spring cleaning and summer weather. You must be sure to get the borax preparations of this company, as there are some crude and harmful preparations on the market. Besides the soap and other cleansing powders and preservatives of the company, there is an article specially worthy of notice where the laundry is connected with the house, as is the case with most country mansions. If the head laundry-maid be supplied with Californian borax starch glaze she will be sure to produce the finest gloss on collars and fronts, table-linen, and other articles needing that finish.

When we begin preparing in the course of a few weeks for our flight to moors and mountains, an article of attire that ladies have recently borrowed from the other sex may well be included. I refer to the puttees manufactured by Messrs. Fox Brothers, Wellington, Somerset. They are a comfortable form of high gaiter, made of a strip of cloth for winding round the leg just as firmly as suits the wearer's feelings. They are made of wool and thoroughly waterproof, and are therefore an excellent protection against wet weather prickles, and dust.

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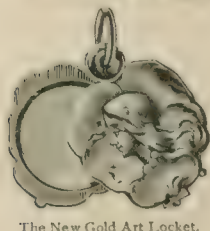
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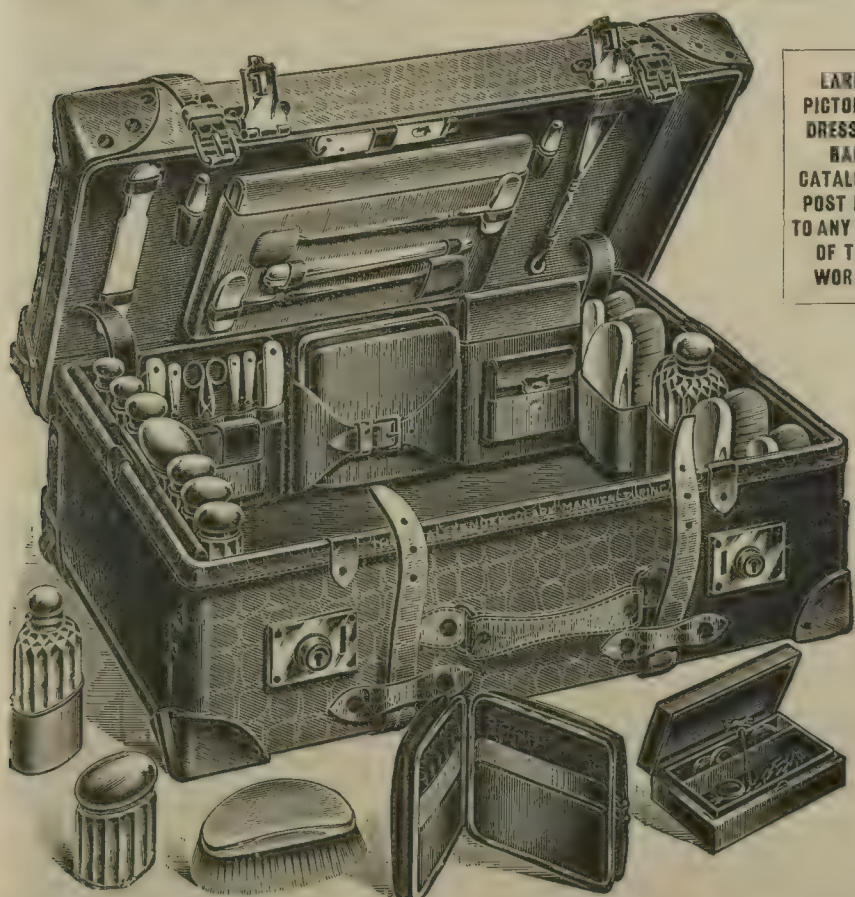


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MUSIC.

On Thursday afternoon, May 28, at three o'clock a grand concert was given, under the direction of Mr. C. W. James, in aid of the funds for the Children's Hospital, Paddington Green. The hospital is entirely unendowed, and is a most deserving one, and it was good to see a large audience, including H.R.H. the Princess of Wales, fill the Queen's Hall to listen to an admirable programme, contributed to voluntarily. There was only one disappointment, in the absence of Miss Muriel Foster, but her place was satisfactorily filled by Miss Katherine Jones, who is a young singer with a beautiful, highly trained voice. Madame Albani sang twice, the first time singing the "Ombra mai fu" of Handel and the value from "Roméo et Juliette" or "Gounod," the second time the "Liebestod" from "Tristan und Isolde," with a pianoforte transcription by Liszt, played by Miss Adela Verne.

An excellent reception was accorded Mr. St. John Clerke on the occasion of his début at the Bechstein Hall on Wednesday, May 27. He possesses a tenor voice of rare quality and power, and the artistic restraint of his method precludes his falling into the temptation of unduly forcing the tone. While his excellent technique and versatility were sufficiently evident in a very varied selection from the English, French, German, and Italian schools of music, the characteristic note of his performance was his spontaneity, a natural charm too often sacrificed in the course of careful training. Especially successful were his interpretations of Hoffmann's "Tristan und Isolde" and Beethoven's "Adelaide"; while he achieved a triumph of another kind in Korby's simple but passionate "Forest Idyll." Other numbers of the programme were Walther's "Preislied," from "Die Meistersinger," "An eine

Aeolsharfe," by Brahms, and Schumann's "Wanderlied." Mr. St. John Clerke was assisted by Mr. Percy Grainger, who played a dainty pastoral and a clever if somewhat bizarre scherzo by Cyril Scott (given for the first time), and rendered Beethoven's well-known "Rondo Capriccioso" with precision and spirit.

On Thursday, May 21, Miss Maude Valérie White gave a concert at the St. James's Hall, at which a large audience gathered to hear a programme entirely drawn from her compositions. Miss Maude Valérie White herself played the accompaniments of her songs, which

were sung by Miss Marie Tempest, Mr. Kennerley Rumford, Miss Louise Dale, Lady Maud Warrender, Mr. John Harrison, Mr. Theodore Byard, and Mr. Hamilton Earle. Miss Marie Tempest sang "Among the Roses," so gracefully that she had to give an encore. Mr. Kennerley Rumford sang the "Canzone di Taormina," one of the set of three Sicilian melodies. Herr Wilhelm Backhaus played a pianoforte solo.

Among the overflowing number of concerts given during the preceding week, the Beethoven Festival stands out prominently. It is a great undertaking adequately to represent Beethoven, and the result has adequately fulfilled the promise. Professor Kruse has inaugurated a satisfactory Festival, one in every sense worthy of the great master. He gave the baton to Herr Weingartner, a Beethoven conductor of considerable reputation, and he and his orchestra have in no way diminished it. M. I. H.

Among the numerous guides for holiday-makers which are beginning to appear, the "Popular Illustrated Guide to the South-Eastern and Chatham Railway Coast Resorts" deserves commendation for the extent of its information and excellence of illustration. For sixpence tourists may ascertain all they need to learn about the holiday places in the district served by the Company.

A really fine cigarette must be a work of art as well as of nature, representing the best achievement in manufacture and the perfection of cultivation. This ideal smokers may realise in the "Abdulla" brand of Egyptian and Turkish cigarettes. The proprietors have opened an establishment at 9, New Bond Street, W., in order to meet the requirements of customers whose ordinary tobacconists do not yet stock this brand.



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The band is touring all the principal towns of the country to raise funds on behalf of the Union Jack Club (a national gift to our sailors and soldiers). The members hope to secure £20,000 out of the £60,000 required. Many of the performers fought in South Africa, where some were severely wounded. Lieutenant Thomas Herd is the conductor. The band has been magnificently received.

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Earrings for Unpierced Ears,
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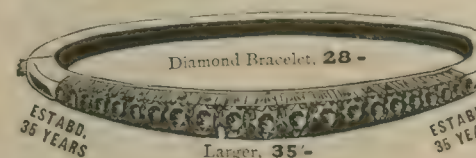
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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Dec. 23, 1902) of Mr. Thomas Fladgate Harris, of Knowle Green, Staines, brewer, who died on March 5, was proved on May 16 by Mrs. Rebecca Jane Harris, the widow, Mrs. Sarah Fladgate, the daughter, and Walter George Fladgate, the son-in-law, the executors, the value of the estate being £220,313. The testator gives £5000 to Walter George Fladgate; £1000 to Marcia Leake; £500 each to William Richard Smith, Edward George Smith, and Percy Fied Smith; £500 each to Richard W. W. Paine, Jane Ann Paine, and Alice Mary Paine; £1000 each to Alice Mary Parrott and Henry Edwards Paine; £500 each to Edwin Samuel Garside and William Game Yonde; £3000 each, in trust, for his nephews and nieces, Edward Fladgate Harris, Ernest James Harris, Ethel Annie Bellamy, William Percy Harris, and Minnie Jane Colbourne; the farm called Hengroves to his wife; his share in Muck-hatch Farm to his daughter; and legacies to persons in his employ. The residue of his property he leaves to his wife and daughter as joint tenants.

The will (dated Dec. 10, 1900) of Mr. Brinsley de Courcey Nixon, of 27, Collingham Gardens, and

Seafeld, Westward Ho, who died on April 18, was proved on May 21 by Richard Woolcombe and Frederick Taylor, the executors, the value of the estate amounting to £108,787. Subject to legacies of £150 each to his executors, the testator leaves all his property, in equal shares, to his children.

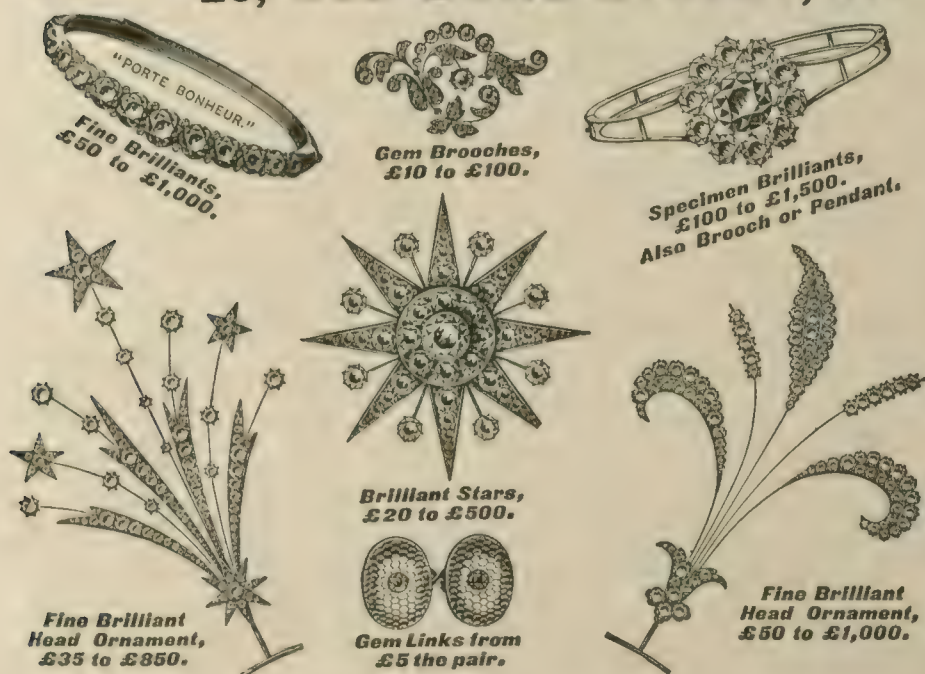
The will (dated March 20, 1903) of Mr. Alexander Marcet, of 3, Buckingham Gate, and Malagny, near Geneva, who died on March 21, was proved on May 20 by Mrs. Albertine Adele Marcet, the widow, and Charles Henry Pasteur, the executors, the value of the estate amounting to £87,338. The testator devises his estate in Switzerland to his wife while she remains his widow, but should she again marry, then to his nephew Horace de Pourtales, son of his brother-in-law, Count Hermann de Pourtales. He gives £200 each to his executors; the household furniture, etc., to his wife; and legacies to servants. The residue of his estate he leaves as to four sixths to his wife, one sixth to his nephew Horace de Pourtales, and one sixth between all his nephews and nieces.

The will (dated Dec. 7, 1900), with a codicil (dated July 31, 1902), of Mrs. Alice Elizabeth Walker, of Wilsic

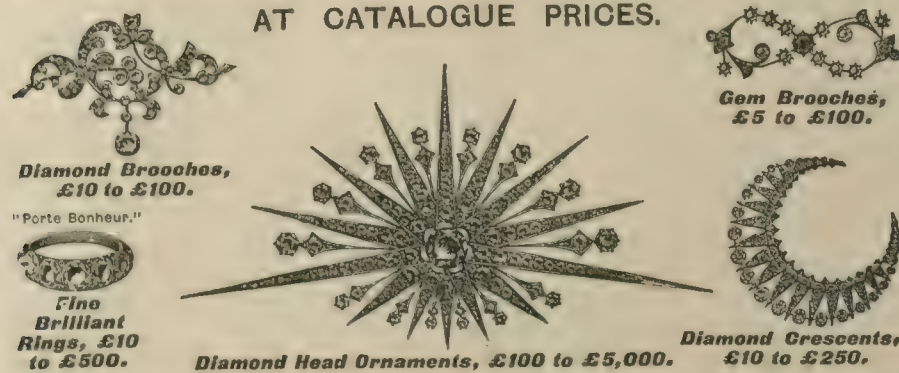
Hall, Doncaster, who died on Jan. 14, has been proved by the Rev. Thomas William Hamilton France-Hayhurst, the nephew, and James Braithwaite Garforth Tottie, the executors, the value of the estate being sworn at £56,241. The testatrix devises the Wilsic Hall estate to her niece Caroline Alice France-Hayhurst, should she survive her, but in the event of predeceasing the testatrix, such property is to be sold, and out of the proceeds thereof she gives £1000 each to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel and the Church Missionary Society, the remainder thereof to the children of her sisters Mrs. Jackson and Mrs. Burnell, and the daughter of her brother, Samuel Parker. She gives the advowson and right of presentation to the living of Wadworth to the Archbishop of York; £1000 for the improvement of the church and vicarage, Wadworth; £500 to the Doncaster Infirmary; £200 each to the Bible Society, the Church Army, the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, and the Church Missionary Society; £100 to the Sailors' Mission; £3000 to Clara Orde Warde; £2000 to her niece Mary Jackson; £1000 each to her executors; £1000 each to her nephews William Acton Pegge Burnell, Edward Annesley Pegge Burnell, Edward Shelley Pegge Burnell, Charles Jackson, Edward

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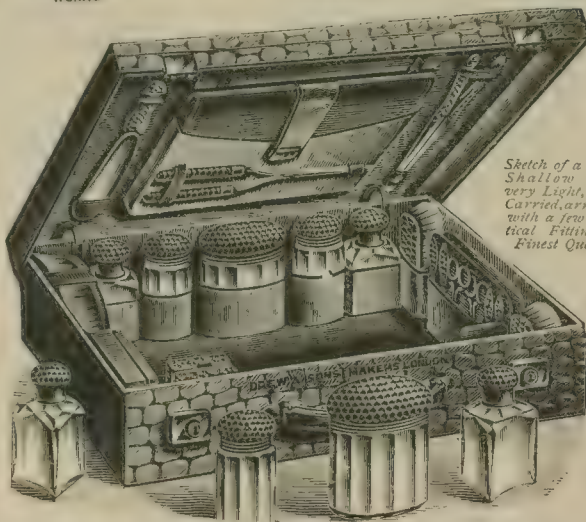
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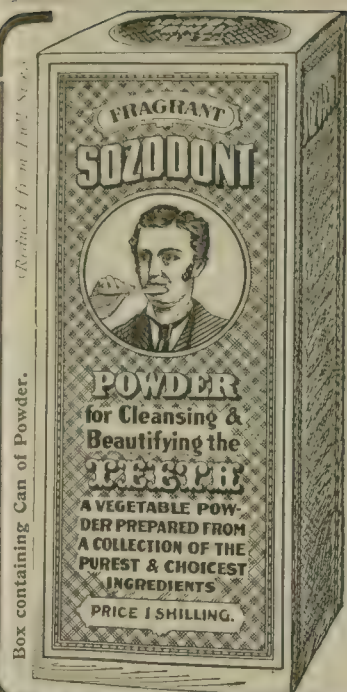
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Jackson, and Hugh Jackson; and £1000 each to her nieces Constance and Alice Pegge Burnell and Margaret and Florence Jackson. The residue of her property she leaves to her nephews William Acton and Edward Annesley Pegge Burnell.

The will (dated June 15, 1895) of Mr. Edward John Collingwood, J.P., of Lilburn Tower, Northumberland, who died on March 7, has been proved by Miss Anna Elizabeth Collingwood, the sister, the value of the estate being £34,581. The testator gives the horses, carriages, and farm stock, the money in the house, and all rents due, to the person who shall succeed to the property settled by the will of his father; £100 to the Wooler Dispensary; and £100 to the Hospital for the Paralysed and Epileptic, Queen's Square, Bloomsbury. All his real estate and his stocks, shares, and securities, he leaves, in trust, for his brothers and sisters and the survivor of them, and on the death of the survivor for the person who shall succeed to the Lilburn Tower estate. The residue of his property he leaves to his sister.

The will (dated April 19, 1899), with a codicil (dated Feb. 2, 1903), of Mr. William Strange, of 40, Upper

Addison Gardens, who died on April 15, was proved on May 15 by Miss Emily Constance Strange, the daughter, and Robert Mossop and Charles Strange, the brother, the executors, the value of the estate amounting to £31,445. The testator gives £50 and the household furniture to his wife, and £50 each to his children. The residue of his property he leaves as to one half to his children, and the other half, in trust, for his wife, for life, and then for his daughters.

Amongst the numerous summer visitors to St. Paul's Cathedral there is much satisfaction that the Bishop of Stepney is in residence as usual during June. He resigns his canonry on July 1, and removes to St. Botolph's, Bishopsgate.

Three hundred doctors and State officials gathered this week at the Vichy State Springs, to inaugurate the greatly enlarged establishment. Apropos of the King's visit to Paris, the director of the Vichy Company had orders to forward a supply of the "Celestins" by *grande vitesse* direct from the spring to the English Embassy for his Majesty's use during his stay in Paris.

ART NOTES.

The Carfax Gallery in Ryder Street, St. James's, has its agreeable walls (of coarse white canvas) hung with oil-sketches and water-colours by Mr. Sargent, R.A. It is a loan collection—not a show of the work of the year in compensation for his absence from the New Gallery and his lessened representation at the Royal Academy. The sketch of Jefferson takes one back to Mr. Sargent's American period; "A Tomb at Toledo" to his Spanish; "A Tavern" to his Venetian; "Madame G—" to his Parisian. By those who think that a sketch is necessarily "unfinished," some of these oils should be studied; even when they are of Mr. Sargent's roughest and readiest, it is easy to see that another dot or line would, for his purpose, be a superfluity. They have force, spirit, imagination. The action is vitally caught, if only by a stroke; and the character is expressed, if only by a suggestion. "Signs in love are more than proofs," says the poet; and so they sometimes are in painting too.

The water-colours of Mr. Sargent are astonishingly brilliant. If some of his oil-portraits seem more alive than the people who sat for them, so these water-colour drawings of Venice seem almost brighter than the

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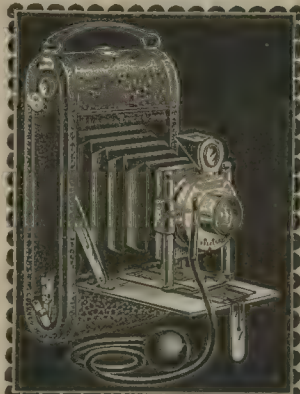
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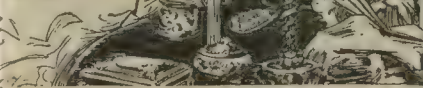
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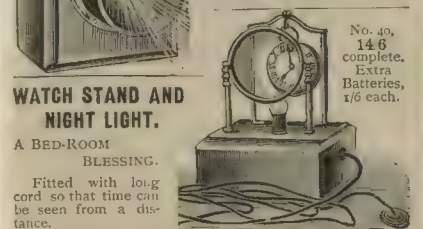
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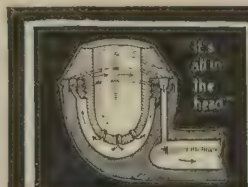
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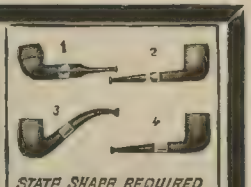
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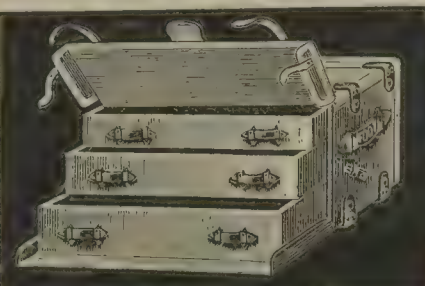
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brightness of Europe's most radiant and ethereal city. The waters are wetter than water. Everything is given with the intensity of a dream. One wonders whether Mr. Sargent's visual power is greater than the normal, since he seems to see things more vividly than they are seen of others. Frank and quick are the records he makes in this obliging medium. "A Siesta" and "The Sleeper" have that rare thing, weight and stillness, airily and quickly rendered. Each drawing is itself a delightful paradox—with "that witty touch of Sargent's."

At the Prince's Terrace Gallery, Mr. John Baillie exhibits a single oil-painting and a number of water-colours. He is decorative in "The Fish Pond"; rich in his "At the Taita, New Zealand"; and tender in his "Dusk." All his work is imbued with right artistic feeling; it is the technique that sometimes falters. The oil-painting, "At the Horokiwi, New Zealand," is so spirited and easy that we may hope to see more of Mr. Baillie's work in this medium.

There are singularly few pictures at the Royal Academy this year representing what Meissonier termed the most paintable thing in the world—flesh tones in sunshine. Perhaps the exceptional sunshine of our early summer will have its effects on next year's show, just as this year's may be said to suffer from the broken weather of last May. In Mr. Tuke's principal picture, "Noonday Heat," the flesh-tones

are, however, admirable: he who needs to adjudge by comparisons may turn his head for a moment to Mr. Hacker's "Leaf Drift." This comparison was, we suppose, purposely intended by the hangers, and it is uncomplimentary to the unilluminated and monotonous flatness of the flesh in Mr. Hacker's canvas—a canvas, however, it is fair to remember, to which a certain prevailing autumn deadness is proper. Mr. Tuke's sunshine and shadow, his partly shadowed sunshine, and his shadows that are lined with light—these are his triumphs; and his "Noonday Heat" exhibits them to perfection.

The scheme for the buildings suggested in the Public Offices (Dublin) Bill, now before Parliament, is lacking in one particular, dear to the hearts of many among Irish students and lovers of art. These desire to get a Gallery of Modern Art, such as the Tate Gallery supplies to London or the Luxembourg to Paris. They have their National Gallery; but they seek for its sequel or postscript. Moreover, the Royal Hibernian Academy has been hampered in its mission by its unsuitable site—an additional reason why its yearly shows should in future be provided with a building that would reflect some of the grandeurs of Burlington House—a creation, let us recall, not of a Government grant but of the Privy Purse. Strangely, few Irish names are now enrolled in any dictionary of artists. Ireland has not had, like other lands, its golden days of painting: the Celtic spirit has found

expression in other directions. But many things—the law of averages among them—seem now to point to the possibility, if not of an Irish School of Painting, at least of the advent of a group of Irish painters. The New English Art Club should not absorb these, denationalising them in name. To the student in Dublin the formation of a modern collection must prove invaluable. Without it, he cannot get into touch with the spirit and technique of the time; and, living in his own country, is an exile from that commonland wherein artists draw their vital breath.

A Society for the Encouragement of Art in South Africa is in course of formation, under the presidency of Sir William Richmond, and with the support of Mr. Watts, Sir Edmund Poynter, and Mr. Josef Israels. "The development of native talent," the promoters held, "undoubtedly latent in the Boer, an offspring of a nation which has ever been foremost in art, having produced some of the greatest painters in the world, is certain to be an important element in the elimination of racial feeling and the subsequent fusion of the two peoples." The argument is a little obscure. If it is valid, its application nearer home would be a point for the friends of the Irish Modern Gallery to consider. An Academy is to be founded at Johannesburg; but the hint of the existence of hereditary Rembrandts is hardly borne out by Mr. Watts's anticipation of "a fine opportunity of starting an original school of art."

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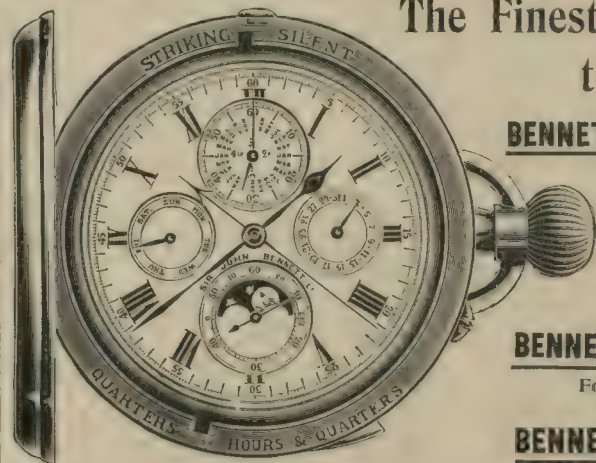


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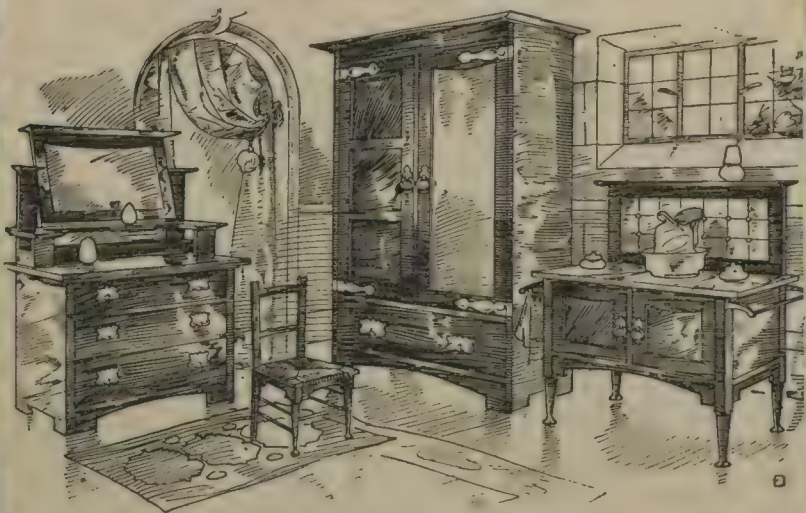
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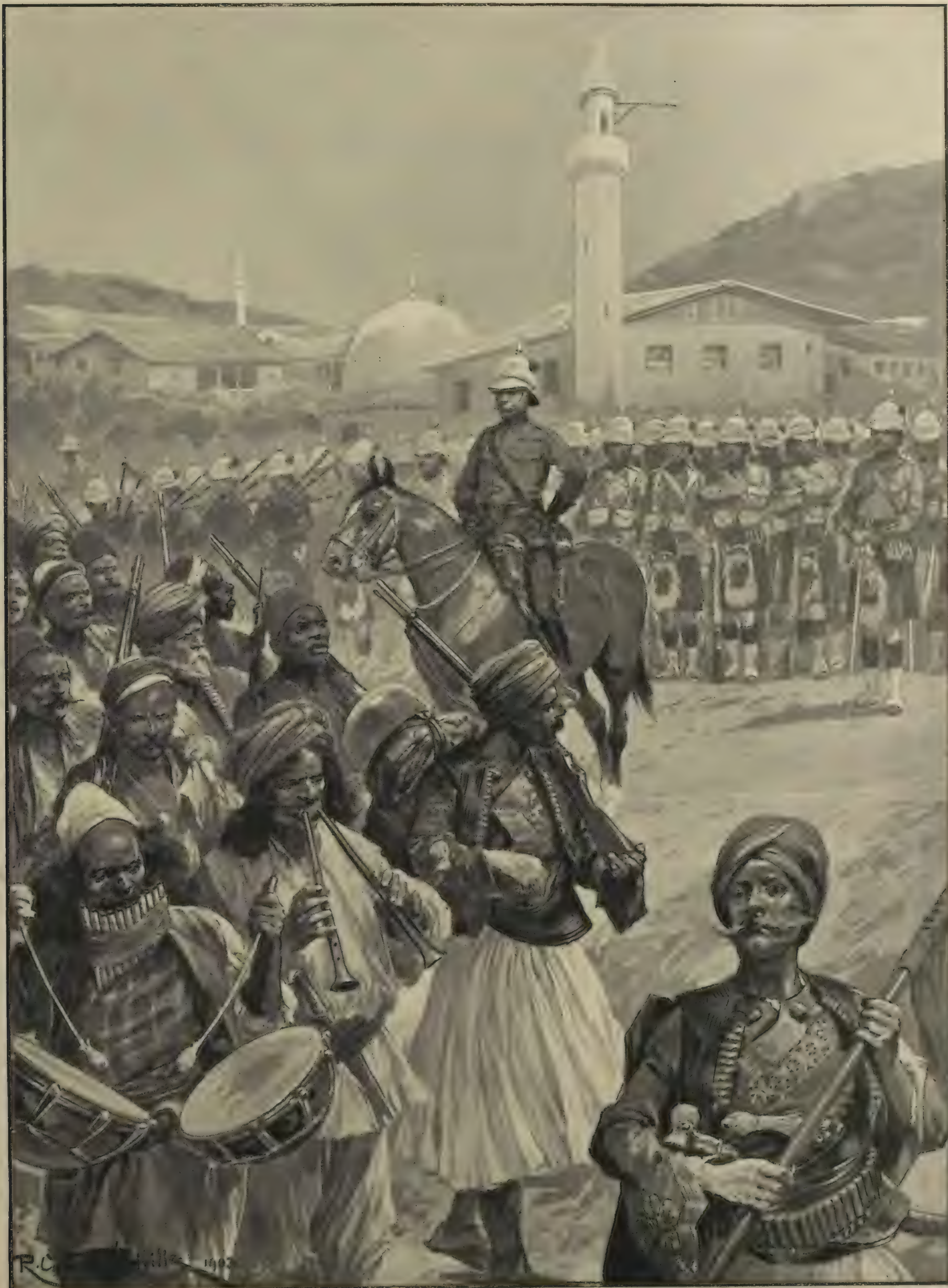
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DETERMINING A SCULPTOR: THE SUGGESTED SCOPASIAN ORIGIN OF THE BRONZE STATUE FOUND IN THE SEA OFF CERIGO.

DR. CHARLES WALDSTEIN'S THEORY.



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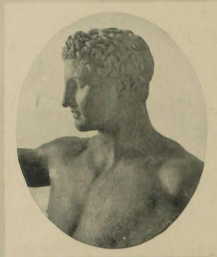
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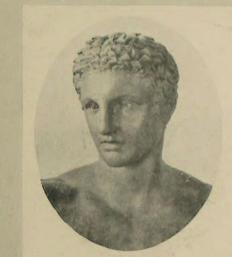
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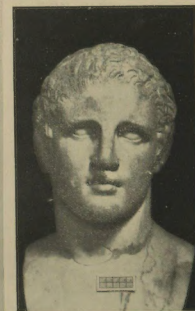
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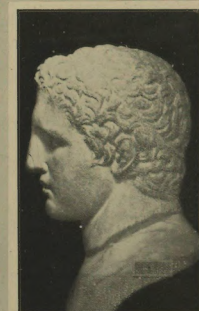
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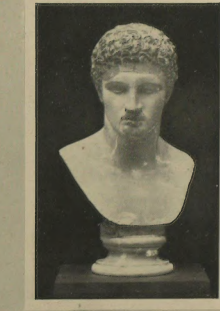
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1. HEAD FROM THE PEDIMENT OF TOGA BY SCOPAS, SHOWING THAT ARTIST'S CHARACTERISTIC TREATMENT OF THE EYEBROW.
2. HEAD FROM TOGA, EMPHASIZING THE SAME POINT.
3. THE APOXYOMENOS BY LEOKIPPOS IN THE VATICAN.

4. THE HERMES IN LANSLOWNE HOUSE.
5. THE HERMES BY PRAXITELES AT OLIMPIA.
6. A GEN OF CNIDUS.
7. BRONZE BUST (PROFILE VIEW) OF HERCULES AT NAPLES.
8. BUST OF THE CERIGO BRONZE: LEFT SIDE.

9. BUST OF HERMES BY PRAXITELES.
10, 11, 12. THE BRONZE STATUE FOUND IN THE SEA OFF CERIGO.
13. BUST (PROFILE VIEW) OF THE LANSLOWNE HERMES.
14. BUST OF THE CERIGO BRONZE: RIGHT SIDE.

15. HEAD IN THE CORINTH PALACE AT ROME.
16. HEAD OF HERCULES FROM THE CAPITOL.
17. MARBLE HEAD OF APOLLONIOS FROM THE ACROPOLIS AT ATHENS.
18. THE CERIGO BRONZE, SHOWING THE MISSING PARTS (NOW RESTORED).
19. HEAD OF HERCULES FROM THE CAPITOL.
20. HEAD OF HERCULES FROM THE CAPITOL.
21. HEAD OF HERCULES FROM THE CAPITOL.
22, 23. FRONT AND PROFILE OF A MARBLE HEAD IN THE CERIGO.

24. THE CHARIOTER RELIEF FROM THE MAUSOLEUM OF HALICARNASSUS.
25, 26. HEADS FROM SUPPLEMENTAL SLABS AT ATHENS.
27. PROFILE OF THE NAPLES BRONZE.
28. THE NAPLES HERCULES: FRONT VIEW.

The bronze statue of (7) *Hermes* (8, 10, 11, 12, 14, 18, 20) found in the sea off Cerigo (now restored by M. Andre) was at first thought by Dr. Waldstein to be of the school of Scopas like the Olympian *Hermes* (5, 9), and by some other authorities to be by Leokippos, the sculptor of the *Apoxyomenos* (3). Dr. Waldstein now maintains that the bronze statue is a specimen of Scopasian art: as in the proportions of the body, the treatment of the head, especially in the treatment of the eye, it has those characteristics which have been recognized as Scopasian. Works illustrating this are: The *Hermes* in Lansdowne House (4, 13); the works of Scopas; a beautiful Greek gem by Cnidos (6); a bronze head of *Hercules* at Naples (7, 28); two coins of Philip of Macedon and of Perdiccas III. (20); a bronze head of *Hercules* at Athens (16); another from the Palazzo Corsini at Rome (15); a head in the Uffizi at Florence (22 and 23); and a large marble head of *Aphrodite* from the Acropolis, Athens (17). Two sepulchral slabs at Athens (25, 26), as well as a *Charioteer* from a relief of the Mausoleum in the British Museum, at which Scopas was the chief sculptor (24), illustrate further the characteristic treatment of the eye and brow by Scopas, also clearly discernible in the Cerigo bronze.



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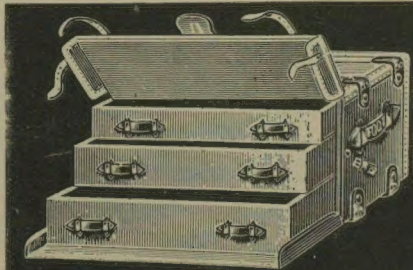
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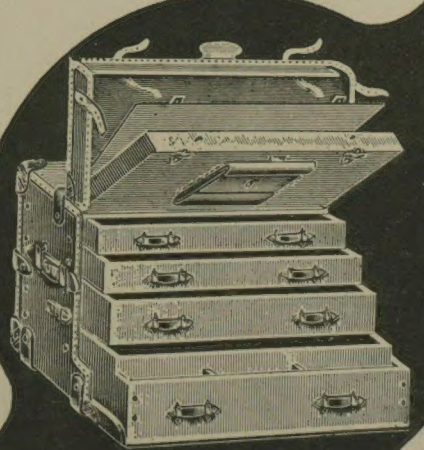
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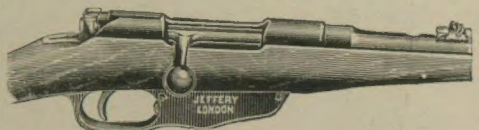
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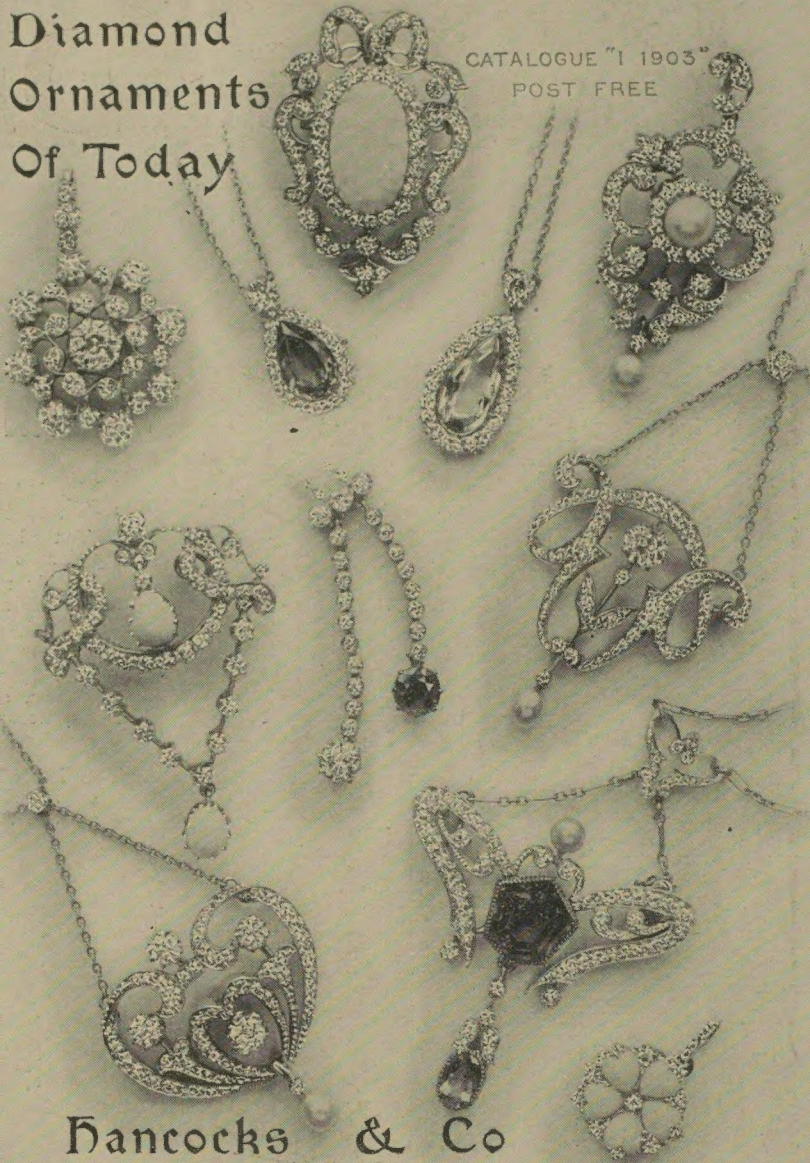
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